

NEW SERIES. No. 18.

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THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

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JANUARY 1st, 1814.

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POLITICS OF THE CARICATURE.

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I BEAR the young person no earthly grudge. I would not even have caricatured him, nor called such a brat by the name of one of the bloodiest tyrants that ever furnished a drama or disgraced a throne, for any thing that he has done to disoblige or offend me. Poor little fellow! I pity him sincerely; but I confess that I abhor and detest, with all my heart and soul, his father, or reputed father, Buonaparte; and, inoffensive as the young reptile is, I cannot help disliking him on account of his progenitors. Blood, and example, and education, are all against his becoming a good man, and I cannot resist the idea that it would be well for the world were he a dead child.

On the contrary, however, we see him thus early brought upon the great stage of life. Like heroes more

advanced in years, he has had two or three grand epochs already in his career of glory. In the first place, he cut his teeth; secondly, he was breeched; and thirdly, he appeared in uniform upon the parade. Blessed with ignorance, little did he dream, when his fine clothes were pinned on, and his tempered faulchion was fastened to his mighty thigh, and his shining hat and warrior plume were placed on his puny, august, and baby royal brow—little did he dream why his warlike Papa enjoyed the prospect from his cage, peeping through the grate,

———“ as our rarer monsters are  
Painted upon a pole ;”

under which might well have been written,

“ Here you may see the tyrant”—

little did he dream, that the handful of troops who were marched and countermarched for his amusement, were now the chief engines of that Tyrant's rage, the almost sole remaining wreck of one million of men, whose souls had been prematurely sent to their fearful reckoning in the sanguinary struggle to advance him to universal dominion: he saw nothing in the review but the show, the tinsel, the flags, the trumpets, the drums, the horses, and the glitter of arms. All the political purpose, the deep and masterly design of diverting from their losses, and the contemplation of their misery, a frivolous race, was concealed from his infant sight and miniature understanding. Proud of his new habiliments, the Majesty of Rome, exactly twenty-seven inches in height, stalked with dignity along; the soldiers went through their manœuvres entirely to his satisfaction; and the air was rent with exclamations of *Vive le Roi de Rome!* In spite of his boots *en militaire*, in spite of his white pantaloons trim-

med with gold-lace, in spite of his gorgeous sash, in spite of his dashing jacket, in spite of his tremendous hat, in spite of his Toledo trusty, and immaculate whiskers (stuck on in a princely manner for the occasion), the young monarch could scarcely imagine that all this fuss, hubbub, and noise, was about his own small self. He was not aware of how much consequence he was to his terrible Papa, or how strong a prop so weak a thing might be to prop an usurper's tottering throne. The novelty of the sight, the confusion, the pomp and clangour of war, quite delighted him, and his heart beat with heroic desire to be a soldier. Soon was he to learn, that the post of honour is not the post of ease, and that the military life is not altogether the life of pleasure.

Being now appointed by his Emperor, in the necessary absence of more experienced generals, to a high and responsible command, fancy carries us to the closet of the valiant offspring of a detestable union, and we see the Infant Ruler beset with the toils and cares of his new situation.

Emblem of that aspiring ambition, that thirst for glory, that desire of elevation, that aptitude to climb the steep of difficulty and danger, which lays the foundation of a warrior's fame, and is almost inseparable from the commencement of a hero's race, behold His Majesty Marshal, the King of Rome, has mounted a stool. Deep thought is seated on his forehead; courage fires his eye and glows in his cheek. Eleven hundred thousand (paper) men, raised by his father, have been entrusted to his charge: with these he has to recover Holland, which his Papa has lost; with these he has to reconquer Spain, which his Papa has lost; with these he has to drive the Leopards into the sea and re-vanquish Portugal, which his Papa has omitted; with these he has to over-run Prussia,



whence his Papa has been driven; with these he has to force the barbarian Russians back to their horrid clime, which his Papa could not accomplish; with these he has to restore affairs in Italy, where his Papa is going down hill; with these he has to beat his grandfather, who has beat his Papa; with these he has to re-organize the Confederation of the Rhine, which, under his Papa, has fallen to pieces; with these he has to punish Sweden, which has deserted his Papa; with these he has to thump John Bull and his first Lieutenant Wellington, who have most egregiously thumped his Papa and all his men; with these he has to muzzle, grind, bleed, and keep under the French nation, which is very much disposed to rebel against his good, kind, tender-hearted, beneficent, gentle, honest, amiable, mild, sweet-tempered, virtuous Papa!

“For these, 'mong other things, is he ordain'd.”

It will scarcely be denied but that here is enough of business for even eleven hundred thousand armed (*alias* paper) men, and it is not surprising that the news of disaster should be bursting in upon the fresh general, as represented in the plate. A similar scene, as it is painted by the immortal Shakspeare, is familiar to all who would read this notice; I shall not therefore dilate upon it. It is perhaps necessary, however, to notice the *double* introduced by the painter as an improvement upon the Bard of Avon. With him, it is the hero himself who exclaims,

“At least we'll die with harness on our back!”

while here it is a subordinate and more appropriate character who utters that gallant apostrophe—“The Ass, were it not a timid beast, would die with harness on.” Whipped to the goal of perditional exaltation by the fury



of a revolutionary demon; so far advanced in guilt and blood, that returning, "were as tedious as go o'er;" wretched from the remembrance of the past, and horrified by the dread of the future; well would it be for himself, and for mankind, that he could stop where he is, and with his life atone in some faint measure for his crimes. But the reflection is too serious for a Caricature; too grave for my present purpose. It is not easy to be playful on so melancholy a topic!

The picture in the back-ground is copied from a *chef d'œuvre*, by Count David, the Napoleonic painter. It presents an old Eagle and a young one: the application is obvious, but the subject would have been more applicable had there been a Vulture and a Cuckoo.

Of all the misfortunes which swarm upon the juvenile commander, none seems to affect him so much as the loss of the country celebrated for the manufactory of rocking-horses. It is truly a sad misfortune; but, if he lives and has his father's luck, he will become inured to similar griefs. Poor boy—farewell!

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## P—RL—T—RY CRITICISMS.

No. V.

Mr. C. W. W. W—NNE.

—A wee small voice.

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS performer is one of the most moderate and consistent of the Whig School—possesses considerable sense, and

aims at a serious cast of parts. Unfortunately for him, he has one of the worst cracked of all the temple voices. A twopenny trumpet, bought at St. Bartholomew's, is not more disagreeable than its harsh squeak on emitting the first sounds of a speech, which Mr. W. always pitches in a high key, the effect of which is extremely ludicrous. The laugh against him, however, is generally soon over with the more rational portion of his auditors, who do not suffer the oddness of the tones to destroy all relish for the respectable information and good sense of the matter. As a personal misfortune of the minor kind, I scarcely ever knew one more inveterately injurious to the individual. It appears absolutely to place an insuperable bar between this actor and the objects of his ambition. It throws a degree of ridicule even over the most shrewd remarks which he utters, and throws the whole course of his acting into the comique, while, as I have noticed, the line he has selected for himself is entirely confined to the grave. It is understood, that he has been studying hard to take the *sedentary* and *talkative* character, known by the name of Mr. Sp—k—r, and of the first importance in the Theatre; but his unlucky vocal qualities are excessively against his succeeding in this respect, even were there no other obstacles in the way to the attainment of his ambition. Such sounds would absolutely get the business of the Theatre laughed at, and the shrill notes of his pipe, when heard even amid the hoarse general roar for Or—d—r, Or—d—r! sufficiently indicates how truly ludicrous it would be without the drowning torrent of any bass accompaniments. Of his views at the chair, a *jeu d'esprit* of the celebrated Mr. C——'s is told, who strenuously advised that he should never attempt that part, lest the members of the corps, forgetting his

proper and decorous appellation, should address him as Mr. *Squ—ker*.

In person Mr. W. is well adapted to make a figure on the stage; and his mind, though not of the first order, is by no means so low as to consign him to the very inferior class of players. He is far from being fond of violence, either in utterance or action, and his decent demeanour often forms a rebuking contrast to the heat and senseless clamour of less cool and considerate, or more furious and unprincipled, actors.

At a moment when the wrath of faction in the Theatre has been shamed by glory and victory to silence, he with a good grace espouses that moderate style and manner which sits so ill upon his more outrageous fellow labourers; and, for his gentlemanly demeanour on all occasions, he shall not be worse spoken of than as above by

BLACK ROD.



ANNOUNCEMENT to the NOBILITY and GENTRY.



BEHOLD the genuine *Patent Light*  
Useful in families at night,  
And now becoming quite the rage  
Under *Lord Stanhope's* patronage,  
Burns with great quickness, full of spirit,  
Its rapid sale, its proof of merit.  
'Tis cleanly, useful, perfect quite,  
Nothing in short exceeds this light;  
Which is in various boxes sold,  
Some green, some blue, some edg'd with gold;



Some round, some square, some oval made,  
 In various hues and forms display'd;  
 And to be had in *walking-sticks*,  
 With *patent matches*, *patent wicks*,  
 Of different sizes, choice and curious.

*N. B. All other Lights are spurious!*

The Sole Inventor stands alone;

It equals *all*—surpass'd by *none*.

From five and sixpence to one shilling,

To match you *all* you'll find him willing.

For travellers, by sea and land,

This "*Pocket Light*" at first was plann'd;

Useful to soldiers and to sailors,

To bankers' clerks and master tailors;

Smokers and jokers, summer anglers,

Doctors and proctors, patent manglers.

In short all its merits I here must reveal,

It supersedes *matches*, *flint*, *tinder*, and *steel*!

And is now much in use from here to the Bosphorus,

Because it don't *smell*, and is made "*without Phosphorus*."

So bright and so clear is this light for the pocket,

It exceeds for its brilliancy Congreve's sky rocket.

When all is worn out, from use or spilling,

Bring back the phial—for a shilling

It shall be fill'd by your desire,

At THIS the shop for *Patent Fire*,

A little way from Gray's Inn Gate,

In *Featherstone Buildings*, No. 8.

SAM SPARK.

# MASONRY AND LOYALTY,

*versus*

## POLITICS AND PARTY.

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MR. EDITOR,

AT the installation of the Duke of Kent, as Grand Master of Masons of England, according to the old institutions, a few days after the union of the masonic bodies of these realms had been solemnly concluded, an Ode was performed, which is the ground-work of these strictures. Of masonry and masonic principles the writer will never speak but with the affection of a Brother, and the reverence of a son. He could wish that these principles were more universally extended, and, what would be still better, more scrupulously acted upon, in *all the relations* of life, by those who have the honour to profess them. He could wish that men should never forget the obligations to their Sovereign and country, which their masonic engagements impose upon them, and that the loyal in the Lodge should be the loyal in general society; the charitable among the brethren, the unbounded philanthropist; and the friend to freedom, justice, honour, truth, and virtue among masons, the unshaken patriot and lover of his country, and of mankind in all the extended intercourse of the world. Were this the case, the present subject would never have engaged his pen; and, if he exercises greater severity in the animadversions he may now think it right to make, than the clemency of his profession may seem to warrant, he trusts it will be recollected, as his apology, that apparent harshness is often real mercy, and that the end of all punishment is to reclaim the erring by the force of example.

The Ode, the foundation of these remarks, is, I understand, the production of Mr. Perry, the conductor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and a zealous and good mason. How he can reconcile that character with the character he sustains as a political writer of considerable rank in the fellowship of the periodical press, I am very grievously at a loss to imagine. Either in this Ode, or in his newspaper, he acts the pretender, and does not speak his real sentiments. For the honour of masonry, I hope it is the spirit of the mason which causes these commendable principles to be poured from his pen; though it is a little derogatory to human nature, to have, on the other hand, to deny her power to maintain a similar control over the common transactions of the man. Perhaps a stronger illustration of the wonderful and admirable effects to be derived from the Masonic Institution could not be produced than by contrasting *Brother Perry the Mason*, with *Mr. Perry the Journalist*. It will scarcely be credited that they are the same individual. It will be said, that two natures cannot inhabit one person, that two opposite souls cannot co-exist in one frame; yet so it appears to be in this case, as our extracts will speedily show.

The Ode begins with a recitative and songs in praise of masonry, its origin, and the *piety* it instils, which must make man truly blest. The *piety* of the *Morning Chronicle* is proverbial; for many years it has consisted in the ridicule of things sacred, and in making a jest of religion and its professors.

The second recitative, glee, and chorus, are still masonic, and speak of the duties we owe to each other—the beautiful doctrine of the golden rule.

In the third, we are brought a little nearer to politics, and particular allusions succeed preceding generalities. The recitative is as follows:



RECIT. Look to the wayward sons of men !

By adverse doctrines driven,  
Even in that which most they prize,  
(Their future bliss above the skies,  
The road that leads to heaven),  
What discord flows from tongue and pen !  
What hatred, guile, and woe !  
They persecute, they scourge, they kill,  
They bind in chains the human will ;  
*Or, seeking proselytes, explore  
Both African and Asian shore ;  
And do not in their zeal disdain  
To bribe the soul by thoughts of gain,  
Its freedom to forego.*

Not so the Mason's holy art !

It leaves the conscience free.  
Between the Mason and his God,  
We raise no bar—we use no rod ;  
But grand internal light impart,  
Omnipotence to see !

Your publication (Mr. Editor) is well-known to be no friend to many of the means taken to promote proselytism ; but I will make free to assert, that, in all you ever wrote on this subject, you never ventured upon so illiberal an imputation as the above. But in the Satirist it would have been more excuseable than in an ode-writer pretending at the time to be inculcating the generous, candid, and philanthropic principles of masonry. Whether the rage for sending missionaries to enlighten the Heathen in Africa and Asia be wise or the reverse, I shall not stop to inquire ; but I will say, that the motives of many of those who patronize and encourage this endeavour *may be* pure and virtuous, and that, therefore, it was, to say the least of it, indecorous in Brother Perry

to ascribe to them the unworthy conduct depicted in the last lines I have marked in italic letters. As for the two last lines of the last stanza, with all my respect for masonry, I consider them to be sheer nonsense, or, what is worse, sheer blasphemy.

The rapt bard, however, proceeds :

SONG. The Mason worships God on high :

And feeling in his heart the flame  
Of holy love to all the same ;  
To all who pure in heart and life,  
Seek to be safe from worldly strife,  
The door shall open fly.

We do not look to form or sect,  
But all the varying *creeds respect*,  
*That may from conscience flow.*

*To the great Architect alone*  
*Their truth and purity are known,*  
*And not to man below.*

And yet it was only in the verses immediately preceding, that this writer himself had shown no respect to the Creed, which, in the opinion of its votaries, absolutely requires it of them as a duty to God, to use the utmost of the human means in their power to spread the gospel-light in dark lands ; and, confessedly ignorant of their truth and purity, to pronounce boldly upon the falsehood and corruption of the course they pursue in bribing the soul of those to whom they address themselves to forego its freedom ! After this specimen of false philosophy, he goes on to say—

RECIT. Nor yet can Sophistry assail,

With all its lures the Mason's mind ;

Nor false *Philosophy* prevail

The ardours of his soul to damp ;

For soft affections still shall bind  
 The hearts that honest laws have join'd,  
 From Masonry that spring.  
 In peace to cherish brothers' love,  
 Faithful when call'd to field or camp,  
 Adoring him that sits above,  
 And loyal to our King.

In adverting to this Ode, it is not my intention to criticise the verse or the language, otherwise I might instance the last quotation as rhyme without connexion or meaning. It is a perfect *non sequitur*, to say that, because false philosophy cannot prevail to damp the ardour of a person's soul, *therefore* soft affection shall still bind the hearts that honest laws have joined! In truth, this is all *nonsense*. But the conclusion is the grand climax! Oh that Brother Perry would not confine his adorations of the divine Essence to the Freemasons' Tavern!—Oh that Brother Perry would not limit his loyalty to the King to the confined dimensions of the walls of a Lodge!—Oh that Brother Perry would not hide his (*new*) light under a bushel, but suffer it to shine before men as well as before masons. What glorious *columns* might he not erect in the Chronicle as in the tyled sanctuary of masonic labours! But, alas! he forgets his loyal enthusiasm, when he breathes the noxious atmosphere of the office in the Strand; and not only is the subject's duty to his Sovereign so obliterated as to give way to taunts and insidious reproaches, but the mason's love for his Brother is exchanged for party effusions to deteriorate and injure the character of his Ruler. No longer are the vows remembered which instil the soft affections; no longer is George the Regent remembered as one to whom, at least, masons owe respect and protection from insult, if in their power; instead of the guardian, Brother Perry becomes the slanderer of a



mason's fame; instead of his defender, the assailant of his prince and head as a Briton and a mason!

The remainder of this Ode, if it boasts of little poetical beauty, is nearly free from very strong objection. I shall not, therefore, trespass further upon your patience; but, hoping you will permit me to conclude my letter by extracting a song (the better part of this production), and subscribing myself your friend, as the editor of a work of sound and rational utility,

A SCOTTISH MASON,

SONG. Hark! we hear the Warden call—

“Masons to your sports away;  
Join the banquet in the hall;  
Give your hearts a holiday!”

When around the festive bowl,  
We delight in song and glee:  
Gay and open is the soul,  
When it feels secure and free.

Joyous as the jest goes round,  
Taunt nor gibe can Masons fear;  
None, by sacred pledges bound,  
Prate again of what they hear.

When we toast the fair we prize,  
Not a tongue shall slander tell;  
Masons' hearts, by honour's ties,  
Guard the sex they love so well.

And though we fill our glasses high,  
Feeling still shall warm the breast:  
We have not left the poor man dry—  
So the cheerful cup is blest.

## DOCTOR CARLISLE, THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND THE INDIAN JUGGLERS.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH, from your having once displayed the Indian Jugglers as a frontispiece to your volume, you, in my opinion, exposed yourself a little to the charge of quackery, which I am about to bring against another; yet, as your picture is rather a customary thing to please the multitude,

More honour'd in the breach than in th' observance,  
and as the great competition among monthly scribes may somewhat excuse the folly, I am not inclined to visit you with that severity of censure which, in my mind, justly belongs to the party I have in view. Doctor Carlisle, as I have learnt from the daily papers—Doctor Anthony Carlisle, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor in Anatomy to the Royal Society of Arts in London, founded by His Majesty in 1768—yea, this very learned man of numerous titles did, a few evenings since, for the *second time*, exhibit, for the *edification* of the students of this Royal Institution, in order to improve their knowledge of anatomy in drawing the human figure—the INDIAN JUGGLERS!!! I have seen, in several of your numbers, a series of essays, entitled "The Fine Arts." Was not this a fine art? and why do not you make it a subject for your strictures? For myself, I am so much disgusted with the matter, I am so much vexed to see an Institution I could wish managed in another way so miserably degraded, that I have no temper to treat this contemptible piece of mummery with the ridicule it



merits. Doctor Anthony Carlisle, F. R. S. &c. &c. seems to me to have one object in view, that of personal notoriety. Doctor Anthony Carlisle seems to me to have forgotten one thing—that the lectures at the Royal Academy were intended for the solid instruction of the pupils, and not for the gratification of the empty vanity of the teacher. Had this not been the case, I should not have been chagrined, as every well-wisher to the arts must have been mortified with the annunciation of the Doctor's catchpenny exploits in the lowest of all the newspapers. The old routine would have gone on; the Porter Sam would have stood, in spite of the rigidity of his old muscles, for a decent anatomical Belvidere Apollo; and the little bricklayer (plasterer, or whatever he may be) would have continued a most sturdy miniature Hercules, to the perfect edification of all the young painters in the academy. But these studies, though sufficient for all the moderate purposes of these lectures, were not sufficient for the thirst of popularity which preyed on the learned lecturer. Hence we had Gregson the pugilist, a good subject—a good show, and admirably adapted *ad captandum vulgus*. Of this I do not much complain: the admirable structure of this man, his powerful and athletic form, the prominence of the muscular system which it displayed, and the general Herculean symmetry of his frame, were an apology for his introduction into Somerset House; and though I more than suspected that it was a professional *ruse* to attract notice and cause “*the thing to be talked of*,” yet I could not find in myself any disposition to condemn the imposing innovation. But when the common objects of metropolitan curiosity were brought forward to play their mountebank tricks, and one might see in the evening at the Royal Academy what they had seen in the morning for half-a-crown in the show-room



in Pall-Mall; when the school of scientific instruction borrowed so flagrantly from the arena of idle dissipation; when the rarity of the booth was made the source of attraction to the philosophers; then indeed the offence became too obvious and too heinous to be overpassed without reprehension. In the instance of Gregson, some reason might be shown for the selection of this bruiser. Like the Gladiator of the ancient model, and allied in appearance to what we read and dream of heroes in former ages, surpassing in strength the generality of mankind, and displaying upon his nervous frame the existence and action of those anatomical features in which that strength lay, he was a fair, an excellent subject for the student. If Doctor Carlisle could find a Samson, I object not to his directing the most earnest attention of his auditory to the structure, width, length, breadth, shape, and nature of each particular in his "*Fell of Hair*:" therefore I blame not his Gregsonian exhibition further than as the index to, and proof of, that *quackish* disposition which afterwards resorted to the Indian Jugglers. These black persons, of whose services in the way of *drawing*—an audience, I understand Covent Garden Theatre is about to rob the Theatre of Anatomy at Somerst House, have been twice presented by Doctor Carlisle for the gratification of the amateur in painting, and inquisitive world. They have tossed their balls, and balanced their stones, and rolled their heads, and played their fantastical sleights of hand, as a lesson to the studious, and an example to the learned. *O tempora!* and what could be gathered in the path of science from seeing a black mummer whirl half a dozen of brass knobs round his cranium, or project a pebble from his nape to his wrist? Illustrations of anatomy? No! illustrations of foppery, folly, and quackery. The same principle which brought forth Gelert

at the Surrey Theatre, the Elephant at Covent Garden, and all the short-lived bubbles which float for a few moments upon the stream of time, like amber attracting while they last the minutest parts of feathers, the particles of straw, the almost immaterial atoms of matter, the most diminutive of the ephemeral and insect tribes, which, light and empty as themselves, are hurrying down in company with them on the barren surface to the gulph of eternity; the same principle produced these Indian Jugglers, as the concomitants of the lectures on anatomy, in the rooms of the Royal Society at Somerset House.

Sir, I shall not trespass upon you further than to say, that the expedient was, in my humble judgment, unworthy of the place, and of the character of the Institution. That it was in effect worse than useless, no one will have the hardihood to deny. Calculated to *dinert* those who ought to have been *informed*, such flimsy appeals to the vulgar are injurious to the real interests of the country in so far as they are connected with the fine arts. I trust, therefore, that, if Doctor Carlisle does not receive this admonition in good part, and abstain in future from quack lecturings, I hope there may be found some member of the Royal Academy so little of a quack himself as to prefer the public cause to private colleaguings (a matter by much too prevalent among these professors), and step forward to put an end to transactions, which must, if persevered in, finally overwhelm this truly Royal and National School in the abyss of contempt.

I am,

Sir,

Your friend and servant,

SMELFUNGUS.

Strand,

Nov. 16th,



# THE BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PILE;

OR,

*Works of English Authors which have been condemned to the Flames by Authority.*

(Concluded from page 510.)

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No. 4.

WOOD.—*Antonii a Wood Athenae Oxonienses; or, An exact History of the Writers and Bishops, who had their Education at Oxford.* London, 1691, 1692. 2 vols. fol. Editio altera auctior, 1721. 2 vols. fol.

A HISTORICAL writer is apt to offend many when he adheres entirely to truth. This seems to be the case of Wood, who gave particular offence to the then Chancellor of the University. His works are much esteemed, but the above was publicly burnt. Anthony Wood was born at Oxford, in 1632, and died in 1695.

WOOLSTON (THOMAS).—*Discourses on the Miracles of Christ.* 1727-8-9-30; and "*Two Defences*" of them.

These discourses are written in a peculiarly cunning style, with great merriment and humour; and the Miracles are related in an indecent way, yet so ludicrously, that, perhaps, the gravest man alive could not read them without smiling. Innumerable books and pamphlets were written against these discourses; and a prosecution instituted, and carried on with vigour, against the author. He was tried at Guildhall, before the Chief Justice Raymond. During the trial, he spoke several times for himself, and, amongst other things, urged, that "he thought it very hard to be tried by a set of men, who, otherwise



very learned and worthy persons, were yet no more judges of the subjects on which he wrote, than he himself was judge of the most crabbed points of law."—He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £100; and died in the rules of the King's Bench, whither he went, both from inability to pay the fine, and from being unwilling to give securities for his future behaviour, being determined not to desist from writing as freely as before. He died Jan. 27th, 1732.

His *Discourses* were translated and published at Paris, and condemned to be burnt by the hand of the hangman, by an Act of the Parliament of the 18th of August, 1770: for the reason that "this book is a satire against the miracles of Jesus Christ, consigned in the holy writings." This satire is much more insulting, because the author has endeavoured to prove his reasoning by quoting the Fathers of the Church, and by his protestations of respect and attachment to Jesus Christ and his Gospel.

#### APPENDIX.—Works omitted.

**BIDDLE.**—*John Biddle: The Faith of one God, who is only the Father; and of one Mediator between God and Man, who is only the Man Christ Jesus; and of one Holy Spirit, the Gift, and sent of God; asserted and defended, in several Tracts contained in this Volume.* London, 1691. 4to. *Ejusdem Auctoris, A second Collection of Tracts, proving the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ the only true God, &c.* London, 1692. 4to.

These tracts, all written in favour of Socinianism, were publicly burnt by the hand of the hangman, and the author died in prison on account of them. He was born at Worton, in the year 1615. He spent his life partly in banishment, partly in prison, on account of his religious opinions, and died in 1692. According to his doc-

trine, the Holy Ghost is the first of angels. His attacks are chiefly against the Trinity, and the divinity of Jesus Christ.

**DOMINIS.**—*De Republica Ecclesiastica, auctore Marco-Antonio De Dominis.* Londini, 1617, et 1620. 3 vol. fol.

This book was censured on the 15th of December, 1627, by the college of divines at Paris, on account of some maxims it contained favourable to the independence of secular princes, and to principles of religious tolerance; before this epoch, however, the work had been burnt, together with the corpse of the author, which was taken from its grave, according to the sentence of the Roman Inquisition. This sentence was executed at Rome, in the field of Flora, in the year 1625. De Dominis is considered as one of the most illustrious victims of the Inquisition; which considered him as a learned man, engaged to unite all the Christian communities together to constitute one church of Christ. This object he entertained (if however he did) with many wise men of his age, who were avowed enemies to intolerance.

But it must be allowed, that his conduct and his opinions have not been at all times exemplary, particularly in the eyes of a tribunal so severe and suspicious as that of the Inquisition. A short history of his behaviour will prove the fact:—De Dominis had been a Jesuit during twenty years, when he was made Bishop of Segni, and afterwards translated to the Archbishopric of Spalatro, in Dalmatia. When in this see, he abandoned his flock to come to England, where he freely wrote his opinions, which he could not do in Italy. However well intentioned this course might be in his opinion, it was certainly ill-judged and indecent; and apostacy is a crime



that blackens the most deeply of any in religion. The first step he took when in England was the most obnoxious possible to the Roman court: nothing less than to publish the first edition of the "*Istoria del Concilio di Trento*," written by the famous Fra. Paolo Sarpi, who was his friend, with a preface written by himself. This publication must certainly have been considered at Rome (the work being a strong blow against Popish politics) as a fit appendage to his apostacy. In his treatise "*De Republica Ecclesiastica*," he seems more inclined to favour the Protestants than the Catholics. Though he had been well received in London, he however formed the resolution of returning to Italy. Pope Gregory XV. his friend and school-fellow, being informed of his wish, sent him word, through the Spanish ambassador, that he could go to Rome without fear; and he went accordingly, after having made in England a recantation of his errors, which made the English angry against him. He renewed this recantation at Rome; but it was known a little after that he had not been very sincere; because some letters were intercepted, by which it was judged that he repented of his public declaration. Pope Urbanus VIII. had him imprisoned in the castle of Saint Angelo, where he died, and, according to some historians of the time, by poison, in the year 1625, at the age of 64 years. His corpse was dug out of the grave in the same year, and burnt together with his treatise "*De Republica Ecclesiastica*." DeBure relates these facts with some alterations, but not so as to alter materially this statement; he says only, and very rightly, that he ought not to have gone to Rome again; and that he ought to have considered, that nobody gives offence with impunity to the court of Rome, which was very seldom or never inclined to mercy and pardon. This maxim he had himself frequently repeated



in his works; adding, that he who draws his sword against the Popish principles, must throw away the scabbard.

Let us now see some of his opinions, which are to be found in his treatise "*De Republica, &c.*" 1. The church, under the authority of the Pope, is not the true church, but a state formed by man under the temporal monarchy of the Pontiff. 2. The church does not possess a coercive power, nor can use an exterior force. 3. The priests do not offer at the mass the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, but they celebrate the commemoration. 3. The inequality of power amongst the apostles is an invention of men, of which there is no proof or foundation in the Gospel. 5. The Holy Ghost is the true vicar of Jesus Christ on the earth. 6. John Huss was wrongly condemned by the council of Constance. 7. Jesus Christ has promised his Holy Ghost to all the church, not to the priests and bishops only. 8. The order of priesthood is not a sacrament. 9. The church of Rome, by the dignity of the town from which it derives its name, is the first in excellence, but not in jurisdiction. 10. The ministers of the church are not obliged to celibacy. 11. The solemn vow of the Monks is no more coercive than a common vow. 12. Papism is a fiction of man, &c. &c. &c.

Poor De Dominis! after having published in England such opinions, he was no wiser than to go to Rome, like Cagliostro, after having shown some fools in London the ghost of their dead relatives in a bottle of liquor prepared by himself!!! They have both died (and both most probably *violent* deaths) at Rome, in the castle of St. Angelo. The difference is, that Cagliostro was an ignorant impostor, and De Dominis a man of genius and learning. In the year 1590, he composed his treatise "*De Radiis lucis et de Iride*," which was printed at Venice in 1611, 4to. He was the first philosopher that ever explained; with

sagacity, the reason of the colours of the rainbow: he proved that the rays of the sun, reflected from the interior part of the drops of rain, form the union of colour which we see in the sky on certain circumstances. De Dominis published also "*Causa suae profectionis ex Italia.*" 1616. 4to. And *Pythagorica nova metempsychosa, editore Paulo Boudot.* Antuerpiae, 1617. 8vo.

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**ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND  
THIRTEEN;**

OR,

*Supposed to be written on the Night of December 31st, 1813.*

**THE** chilling blast of hoary winter's ire  
 Alone disturbs the calm of night profound,  
 The shivering bard draws closer to his fire,  
 And courts its blaze to throw new light around;  
 Now musing on the years which o'er his head,  
 Since cheerly first he revell'd in life's spring,  
 Have, never to return, ah never! fled—  
 "The morn," he cries, "another year will bring,  
 And must that, must that pass away,  
 Like those which went before;  
 Must all it brings so soon decay,  
 Sink to arise no more?"  
 Here memory paints what once he thought  
 The years now pass'd away would give,  
 When full of hope, with ardour fraught,  
 He had not learnt to live,



Nor knowledge gain'd to feel—sad gain!  
To live, is but to suffer pain.  
Those whom in infancy he knew,  
Seem from the dead to rise;  
Long in the tomb conceal'd from view,  
They stalk before his eyes.  
But ah! no joy can they impart,  
No raptures past recall;  
They deeper strike affliction's dart,  
And dip its point in gall.  
They but reflect the transient dreams,  
Which rich in bliss—in all but truth,  
Of wealth, and fame, and fav'rite schemes,  
Successful work'd, assur'd his youth.  
These dreams, for many years forgot,  
Comparing with his present lot,  
Which more substantial he must know,  
From labour, grief, and want, and woe,  
Doom'd hopeless onward still to plod,  
The prey of toil and care;  
Till shelter'd by the friendly sod,  
Death terminates despair.  
He feels within him nature sickening droop,  
To see in turn all earthly objects stoop,  
Yielding to Time—by him a while in play  
Sported as toys, then thrown despis'd away.

II.

His fancy wild, and tinctur'd with romance,  
Before him bids unnumber'd phantoms dance.  
Pensive his frenzied eye surveys the room,  
As seeking to embody all its gloom;  
When lo! appears to his astonish'd eyes  
A figure of no human form nor size.



There in its motion might be trac'd  
 Expiring faintness ; trembling haste ;  
 As though, whate'er it should seem here,  
 Decay was present—Death was near.  
 Its palsied hand an hour-glass bears,  
 But little sand remains to run,  
 Which rapid falling, still declares  
 Soon shall its bearer's course be done.  
 The spectre's agitation shows,  
 On earth few moments it can stay,  
 Impatience on its visage glows,  
 Another world to reach ere day.  
 Loud shrieks of anguish rend the sky,  
 The spirit seems to cause the cry ;  
 While the same moment still gives birth  
 To shouts of joy, and peals of mirth.  
 Fierce lowering glar'd his awful eye,  
 Yet was seen blended with a sigh,  
 A laugh ill understood ;  
 And, strange to see and tell, the while  
 The sorrowing phantom deign'd to smile :  
 His wings were stain'd with blood.

## III.

"And what art thou?" the poet cried,  
 Soon as his faltering words found way,  
 For when the Sprite at first he spied,  
 He could not speak, and knelt to pray.  
 "Say what thou art, and whither bound,  
 Who this way tak'st thy solemn round,  
 Man's region to explore?  
 And while a smile sits on thy face,  
 Why on thy pinions do I trace  
 Deep stains of human gore?"

Com'st thou an agent from on high,  
To bid the thoughtless slumberer die,  
And drink up human breath?  
Bear'st thou Jehovah's awful brand,  
Like him who once through Egypt's land  
Spread grief, dismay, and death?"

IV.

'Twas thus the wondering poet cried;  
The spectre hastily replied,  
"In me behold, and cease to fear,  
The spirit of the passing year.  
I seek to gain that height sublime,  
Where blends Eternity with Time;  
Hard press'd by one who now draws near,  
Short time have I to tarry here;  
But since, on this important night,  
Thine eye has mark'd me in my flight,  
Though nought the fleeting sand can stay,  
One moment here I will delay;  
And, ere I leave thee, briefly deign  
What fills thee with surprise explain.

V.

"These wings, which Time has lent, have been  
Where earth's remotest bound extends;  
The eyes now fix'd on thee have seen  
Where Chaos reigns, where Being ends;  
And the last link of nature's mighty chain  
Sinks in the cheerless gloom of Night's domain.  
O'er every clime I've stretch'd my course,  
I've seen the Nile flow from its source,  
Enlarg'd its stream, increas'd its flood,  
Polluted blush with human blood,

Which, while the festive board was spread,  
By dastard treachery was shed.  
Thence in disgust I took my flight,  
And nobler objects met my sight.  
Far, far from Albion's shores I saw  
England's bold sons give nations law,  
Who, bounding o'er the vasty sea,  
Bid groaning myriads be free;  
And joy I felt to see, midst war's alarms,  
Their sway, though gain'd, was not maintain'd by arms.

## VI.

" Yes, as with rapid wing I pass'd,  
Swift as the lightning on the blast,  
'Twas mine with ecstasy to view  
Those who are tigers to subdue;  
When conquest bids the battle cease,  
At once accord the vanquish'd peace.  
In that isle, not unknown to fame,  
Which bears of France the *once proud name*,  
The hostile brand with gen'rous pride  
The conqueror had thrown aside;  
There bursting forth serenely bright,  
Order arose from Chaos' night,  
And Eastern sages see with joy  
A victor Mercy can employ,  
And British wisdom firm maintain  
What British valour knew to gain.  
Mine too the joy it was to know,  
Such goods from British triumphs flow,  
Where Java's pestilential breath,  
Which swells each passing gale with death,  
Its thousand ills display'd in vain,  
To daunt the bold invading train,



Who bade French ensigns by their cannons' roar  
Wave lordly in that hemisphere no more.

VII.

" From Lusitania's ravag'd plain  
I've seen the Gallic robbers fly,  
Their efforts all at conquest vain,  
Compell'd to yield in fight or die.  
Vainly they seek repose in Spain,  
Defeated forc'd to fly again ;  
They cross the Ebro in despair,  
And vainly look for safety there.  
Arm'd with the thunders of War's god,  
Fierce Wellington pours on their rear,  
Bounds o'er the plain they lately trod,  
And overwhelms with fear.  
There, on Vittoria's ample scite,  
The hostile bands I saw afar,  
Beheld them mingle in the fight,  
And heard the thunder of the war.  
Sinking to everlasting night,  
Thousands fall bleeding on the plain,  
Death's curtain o'er the fading sight  
Falls, and conceals their pain.

VIII.

" The heart that yearn'd to live in story,  
That panting sigh'd for martial glory,  
Has in this awful hour of strife  
That which it anxious chas'd through life.  
The warrior gains the fame he sought,  
But ah ! 'tis with existence bought ;  
That shot, to speed almost the first,  
Has through th' enclosing bosom burst :

There chill'd it lies, lost all its heat,  
And ceas'd eternally its beat,  
Or heaves its last sad drop to give,  
Too strong to die, too weak to live.  
For wife, or parent, left in woe,  
It heaves one agonising throe;  
The soldier mourns the awful doom,  
Which gives him to an early tomb;  
Faint struggles raging pangs succeed,  
The warrior's wound has ceas'd to bleed:  
He swoons—'twas weakness overcame,  
His breath has paid the price of fame;  
He fought for glory, gain'd the prize,  
A pale disfigur'd corse he lies.

## IX.

“But not in vain the desp'rate fray,  
The laurels of this bloody day;  
Britons unborn shall love to trace,  
Nor shall a barren name disgrace,  
Long shall Britannia's bitter foe  
Weep for this signal overthrow;  
When humbled, each insulting boast  
Lost all that forms a warlike host,  
And forc'd, with shame and dreadful loss,  
The rugged Pyrenees to cross.  
Rallying they weakly strove again,  
To burst the barrier of Spain;  
The cong'rors onward took their course,  
Scatter'd their yet remaining force;  
And dauntless and impetuous still advance  
To plant their vengeful banners in the soil of France,

X.

“Fall’n Gallia! where is now thy once proud boast,  
Where now the hosts that lin’d thy wide-spread coast?  
Where the fierce legions nam’d to pass the sea,  
To make Old England’s glory stoop to thee?  
Where are those troops who hop’d to cross the waves,  
To make the sea’s stern masters Gallic slaves?  
These, with thy visions of success in fight,  
Have pass’d—have vanish’d in eternal night.  
Seek them, who wish to ascertain their doom,  
In Spain’s vast charnel-house, in Russia’s tomb:  
There, where their bleaching bones bestrew the plain,  
Ambition, read the glories of thy reign.  
There view the produce of War’s bloody trade,  
And joy to think how much to Death is paid.  
Then ask what France has purchas’d at this rate?  
How happy she has grown? how rich, how great?  
What is the good for which she thus must pay?  
Domestic bliss, and wide extended sway?  
Say, has her ruler o’er those heaps of dead,  
Of Charlemagne the mighty empire spread?  
No—vainly round extends War’s crimson flood,  
Nor peace, nor greatness, grows on all this blood;  
The vassal states, who once obey’d the Gaul,  
Now rise indignant, and for vengeance call.  
France, who the mightiest nations dar’d invade,  
Now of invasion is herself afraid.  
Fierce retribution comes her foes to guide,  
And rolls of desolation back the tide:  
Where slants on Bayonne’s walls the sun’s bright gleam,  
The British bayonet back refracts the beam;  
Not like the sun with genial heat to warm,  
But, like the lightning, to announce the storm.



O'er all her lands bursts fear and wild alarm,  
 Her beardless boys, in tears, are forc'd to arm;  
 Industry quits the works which skill had plann'd,  
 The plough is guided by a woman's hand;  
 The fairest fields are sterile from neglect,  
 The course of science every where is check'd;  
 No more are warriors call'd to meet the foe,  
 To fight for glory taught for fame to glow.  
 No, France now fights, she is constrain'd to own,  
 For something more substantial than renown.  
 No more she threatens others with her ire,  
 She fears herself the victor's sword and fire.  
 When will she learn her dearest blood is spilt  
 To please a tyrant in the cause of guilt;  
 And, taught her conq'rors' clemency to know,  
 Rise up against her chief—her only foe?

## XI.

“From southern lands, where War's pale fires still burn,  
 To vaster scenes of human woe I turn;  
 To where th' insulted monarch of the North  
 Has sent his overwhelming masses forth;  
 There, where his hardy veterans, hand in hand,  
 Pursue th' invader of their native land,  
 Content in Peril's foremost ranks to toil,  
 Warm'd by instinctive love of native soil.  
 United Swedes and Prussians there I see,  
 Thirsting for vengeance, panting to be free;  
 While Austria, bleeding still from former strife,  
 Once more tremendous, seems to breathe new life.  
 Where Leipsic's towers ascend I saw  
     Their armies on the tyrant fall,  
 And vanquish'd saw, oh sight of awe!  
     The common enemy of all.

The slaughter of that dreadful day,  
Time to eternity shall tell,  
And fam'd through every clime this fray,  
Which broke the tyrant's spell.  
The scene of carnage which appear'd,  
I cannot tell, but all have heard.

XII.

“ But of the bless'd result, at least,  
I may one moment speak;  
How freedom's hosts, in strength increas'd;  
When the French chief was forc'd to seek  
His safety in precipitate retreat,  
A fugitive—his overthrow complete,  
Bavarian troops at once advance,  
To intercept his way to France,  
And Wirtemberg extends the line,  
To chase the robber to the Rhine;  
And Saxon troops, new strength to bring,  
Prefer their country to their king.  
The tyrant, humbled to the ground,  
Sees independence spread around;  
The labours of a guilty life  
Are lost in one short month of strife;  
Each German state is anxious most to dare,  
And Holland consummates the fiend's despair.

XIII.

“ Stripling, 'tis for the woe I've seen  
My eyes are dimm'd with tears; -  
I smile, because where'er I've been  
A brighter scene appears.  
I mourn to think that in my reign  
So much of human blood was shed,

But joy it did not flow in vain,  
 On Glory's barren bed.  
 I grieve, when mem'ry turns, to view  
 The thousands slain in fight ;  
 Patriots who fought but to subdue  
 The enemy of right.  
 Shudd'ring I see, in War's dread ~~game~~, *game*.  
 Limbs shatter'd from the mangled frame,  
 Quivering, bestrew the plain ;  
 While mutilated wretches weep  
 Themselves to everlasting sleep,  
 Or writhe in horrid pain.  
 I see their pangs wake fev'rish heat,  
 Hear them for water wildly, loudly pray,  
 Their raging thirst one moment to allay,  
 But pray in vain, no friendly hand can stay  
 To ease their woe—their misery's complete.

## XIV.

" The laugh, which on my cheek may dwell,  
 Springs from the follies I have known :  
 These it would take too long to tell,  
 A volume vast alone.  
 The blood which gives my wings this stain,  
 What I have said may well explain ;  
 And more I need not time employ,  
 To show my sorrow or my joy ;  
 Yourself must feel what vast delight,  
 Those scenes may yield, which, on my sight  
 Now burst, with morn's serenest ray,  
 To give the world a brighter day.  
 And oh ! 'tis rapture given to cheer  
 The last gasp of the dying year,



To know remov'd the world's alarm,  
 The awful dread of greater woe ;  
 To promise earth of peace the charm,  
 To feel, if not destroy'd its foe,  
 'Twas mine to bare the Almighty's arm,  
 To strike the meditated blow.  
 Soon, soon the bleeding world shall be releas'd."  
 The clock struck twelve, the starting phantom ceas'd,  
 The wondering poet found himself alone,  
 The Sprite he talk'd with was for ever flown.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

MR. HERSEE.

SIR,

WHEN I first saw, in the Satirist of last month, a letter from Mr. Hersee, I was led to expect some amusement, and sat down to read it, in the hope of finding the prose of the author of *The Battles of the Danube, &c.* as entertaining as his rhyme. - On perusing it, I was much disappointed, and heartily chagrined ; not that I resented the manner in which Mr. Hersee expressed himself when speaking of me, but because I was sincerely sorry that I had given pain to a respectable man, by ascribing works to him of which he was not the author.

If I were to go into a detail of that which led me into the error of which Mr. Hersee very naturally complains, it would spin out this letter to a tedious length, and at last not be very satisfactory to that gentleman or to you. I think the more manly course is to acknowledge I have

been much to blame. Though nothing was further from my intention than to attribute the writings of one man to another, I feel this can be no justification of my conduct. In assuming, on slight grounds and casual information, that the poems I noticed were by Mr. Hersee, I did not use him fairly. I certainly ought to have known they were his, before I mentioned his name. Retaining as I do the sentiments I originally expressed respecting the poems in question, I feel myself called upon to offer Mr. Hersee the most ample apology, and to assure him, at the same time, that I shall cheerfully avail myself of any opportunity that may occur of rendering him more substantial reparation.

I am,

Mr. Sat. &c. &c.

HUMANITAS,



### A CASE OF EXTREME DISTRESS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE wretched are always mocked by the exulting shouts of their happier neighbours. Literary gentlemen, like myself, are more than others unfortunate in this respect. We constantly hear of the persecution of Government, of the great number of criminal prosecutions for libel, and of the perpetual filing of *ex officio* informations; but, alas! while we hear of these things from persons who have been so successful in life as to get tried and cast for vilifying the great, and subscribed for accordingly, some of us have for years to mourn that we can get no such windfall. Our lies, however audacious, pass

unnoticed, and we are left to starve in a jail for debt, in consequence of not being imprisoned by justice.

Foote well observed, persecution is the life and soul of our business. By chance a man who is punished by the law fails of getting support, while in prison, from the friends of liberty. This may be a misfortune, but not to be noticed in the courts is—annihilation.

When I came to London, some years ago, I was full of the finest *Irish* patriotism. A holier flame never warmed the bosom of an O'Connell or Dromgoole. Sir, I came resolved to libel myself to fame and wealth; and, though I did not get a friend to walk out with me to flourish loaded pistols in the presence of a mob, I may say, without vanity, my conduct was as nobly intemperate as that of a starving shirtless Hibernian student usually is, which is saying a great deal, though, I must frankly admit, I had not made myself such a proficient in black-guardism as a man ought to be who aspires to rank with patriots like O'Connell, O'Gorman, Dromgoole, Finn, Lalor, &c. &c. &c.

For six years, Sir, I have now exercised my pen in writing libels on every Minister the Sovereign thought fit to call to his councils, on the Sovereign himself, and on all connected with him, but in vain. I have abused the constitution, attacked church and state, arraigned the Christian religion, advocated blasphemy and seduction, and defended the morality of the Devil, but without success—for I have never been prosecuted. Those unfeeling wretches who have been the King's Attorney-Generals, have never once befriended me. I have seen them take men, much younger than myself upon the town, who had not done half so much to deserve notice. At present I am confined in the King's Bench for debt, and still pant to get myself confined for something in the cause of



liberty, which may procure me that which will enable me to get out of bondage on a future day, and in condition to turn dealer in Marine Stores, or otherwise get an honest livelihood. Is it not afflicting, Sir, to think that I should be here in durance vile for debt only, who am willing to be cooped up in the cause of my country? Why am not I enabled to kill two birds with one stone? What right has Sir Wm. Garrow to omit to prosecute me? Acting thus, he cheats me out of the *subscription*, which, as an *independent* writer, I have a right to claim. Ought not I to prosecute him for the presumed amount, for it must be clear to every man of sense, that it is his venality and corruption that has caused me to remain so long unknown; and I cannot but suspect that he pretends to overlook me, in order to oblige some patriotic friend in his eye, who is writing a libel for the benefit of a conviction.

AN INDEPENDENT WHIG.



THE FIFTH OF ELIZABETH;  
OR,  
MODERATION AND LIBERALITY FOR EVER.

MR. EDITOR,

A SET of impudent scamps, calling themselves master machinists, engineers, &c. residing in the metropolis, have lately carried their audacity so far as to petition Parliament for the repeal of that very wholesome and liberal statute, the Fifth of Elizabeth. These unprinci-

pled men have not hesitated to maintain the monstrous doctrine, that every man in a free country has a right to the benefit of superior talent, and ought to be allowed to exercise his industry in any way that he may think proper.

In their petition, these gentry have been pleased to say, that the superiority and improved excellence of the manufactures of the empire are greatly owing to the genius and exertions of persons who have not served an apprenticeship. They assert, that those men who are called illegal, are generally found superior to the qualified workmen; and then, to be sure, they make a whining appeal to feeling in behalf of those persons, who, having possessed early independence, when reduced to indigence by misfortune, have presumed to endeavour to get a living by their labour. They represent these people to be objects of great compassion, as if forsooth a man, who has not served an apprenticeship, ought to be encouraged because he has talent; as if it were a subject of regret that such persons should beg from door to door for work in vain; in a word, as if it were any hardship for an Englishman, who is willing to labour, to be obliged to turn thief or starve.

In the name of reason, in the name of humanity, in the name of the devil, I call upon you, Mr. Satirist, to put down such abominable sophistry. What! because nature has given one man a capacity to acquire a business without instruction, and to another such a thick skull that a trade cannot be beat into it, but by seven years' discipline, is the former to be countenanced the same as the latter? If so, away with human laws altogether. What are laws framed for, but to keep nature in check; to prevent a wicked mother from treating one part of her offspring with cruelty, in consequence of an unjust partiality for

the other? This I have always understood to be the object of law, and the end of legislation. Society was framed to afford the weak protection against the strong. A powerful man, six feet high, is not allowed by law to avail himself of his height and strength, by beating a feeble man who is a foot or two shorter than himself. Why should not the weak in mind be protected as well as the weak in body? why should not the laws which forbid the giant to drub the dwarf for amusement, be extended to prohibit the man of talent from claiming any advantage over the booby? why should genius without servitude be allowed in any way to disturb the stupid blockhead, who is but a bungler at his business, after passing through a seven years' apprenticeship?

I am certain these arguments are too reasonable, and display too much profundity of thought, liberality of sentiment, and natural good sense, to suffer you, or any one of your readers, to *call them in question* for a moment. The simple dignity of truth and justice would alone secure attention, and the modest unassuming manner in which their appeal is brought before you, will, I am confident, command admiration. Satisfied of this, I shall favour you by proceeding to notice some of the arguments which have been used, in several places, against that law to which, I doubt not, was owing all the glory of the days of "good Queen Bess."

It is urged, that, because Sir Richard Arkwright projected inventions which have immensely improved the cotton trade, it may be seen from this, the nation would have sustained a great loss had he not been permitted to exercise his ingenuity without serving an apprenticeship. To this I can give a triumphant answer, by asking, what good has it done? We had bread cheaper before than we have it now, and porter could be bought for less than



sixpence a pot. If the inventions in question had not been brought to light by him, I doubt not they would have been discovered by legal men. At all events, no injury could have resulted from the statute being enforced against him, for had this been done he would have been glad to communicate his plans to some man who had served his time. A legal man would thus have been enriched instead of Sir Richard; and what was it to the nation, whether Arkwright enjoyed wealth and honour, or pined in want and obscurity till he closed his days in a workhouse?

We are then told of a fellow of the name of Harrison, who, brought up a carpenter, invented a time-keeper, for which Parliament voted him the sum of ten thousand pounds. If I wished to give the strongest possible reason against suffering illegal men to work, by mentioning the case of an individual, this is that which I would select. The ten thousand pounds given to him was a positive loss to the public. Had we not the clocks of St. Paul's, the Exchange, and the Horse-Guards, to know the time by—and were not these enough? The Legislature at that time of day ought to have known better than to give ten thousand pounds to learn what it was o'clock.

Another vagabond of the name of Hunter, who was also a carpenter by trade, figured away as an anatomist. But what good was derived from his boasted discoveries? I know he cut up a good many human bodies, but I never heard that he brought one to life again. I think it a great pity the statute was not enforced against him.

Having now refuted the arguments of the vulgar wretches who would repeal a venerable statute, which, properly enforced, would protect the stupid and the lazy against the wise and the industrious, I shall close this

letter with the draft of a petition, which, after the holidays, will be submitted to Parliament.

*To the Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament assembled.*

The humble Petition of the Auction Telegraphs, and Footpath Blockers-up, of the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside.

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioners, as *Auction Telegraphs* and *Footpath Blockers-up*, have been brought up to the business in a regular manner, serving a seven years' apprenticeship to the same.

That your Petitioners, in bidding by *signal* at all auctions, till each article is raised above its value, cause the manufactures of the country to fetch better prices than could otherwise be obtained, and thus greatly benefit the artisans of the metropolis; while the purchases green-horns are tempted to make, through your Petitioners, are even to them most beneficial, as, by taking their money out of their pockets, the chances of their falling into the company of loose women is very considerably diminished.

That in blocking up the pathway at the picture-shops in the Strand and Fleet Street, and the stocking-shops in Cheapside, your Petitioners contribute largely to the comforts of the metropolis, and greatly benefit the traders, by causing the *Johnny Raws* passing to suppose, from the crowd standing there, that there is something worth purchasing.

That moreover your Petitioners thus blocking up streets, give foreigners the most magnificent ideas of the populous state of the metropolis.

That your Petitioners lately struck for wages, when

the masters who employ them (the persons before whose shops they regularly take their stand), refused to come to their terms, and engaged persons at low wages to supply their places, who have not served an apprenticeship to the business.

That your Petitioners are in consequence thrown out of employ, their whole stock in trade (consisting of bakers' baskets, yokes and milk-pails, butchers' trays, porters' knots, &c. which are found necessary to compel passengers to fight their way to the windows, or go into the middle of the road up to their knees in mud, is in consequence left on their hands, and they, with their numerous apprentices, are in the greatest distress.

That a similar circumstance has transferred to *illegal hands* the *Auction Telegraphing* branch of your Petitioners' business, and in consequence your Petitioners having nothing whatever to do, are starving by scores. Their consciences will not let them turn to labour, as they feel that would be to infringe the law, and they have too much patriotism to wish to put the nation to the expense of maintaining them in the army or navy.

That, under these circumstances, your Petitioners have no resource but in the justice and wisdom of your honourable House. Their trade is unfortunately not mentioned in the Statute of Elizabeth, and consequently their rights are not protected; but they hope your honourable House, taking their case into consideration, will alter the law, so that the provisions of the said acts may extend to all trades and callings now practised in this country, that no man may presume to earn a livelihood by his industry who has not served an apprenticeship.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray.



I trust, Mr. Editor, you will not refuse publicity to this Petition, as it must appear to every man the most national document yet prepared for the House in behalf of the Statute.

I am, Mr. Editor, &c. &c.

THEODORE THICKHEAD.

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### PARISH BUSINESS.

*Thursday, DECEMBER the 23d, 1813.*

The Churchwardens, Overseers, &c. of the Parish of \_\_\_\_\_, having assembled in their great Meeting Room in the Workhouse of the said parish,

Mr. GREGORY GUTTLE in the Chair,

Mr. FAIRPLAY said, he had called the present meeting for the purpose of proposing that the poor in the parish should be regaled with plum-pudding at Christmas. — This ancient practice having been discontinued last year, in consequence of the high price of flour, he was of opinion, seeing that that could no longer be assigned as a reason for denying them their old Christmas fare, there could be no objection to what he should take the liberty to recommend. Without further preface he moved, that the poor should be regaled with plum-pudding at Christmas as formerly.

Mr. PAUNCH was surprised the gentleman should think there could be no objection to the motion which he had just submitted to the meeting. He had expected, in bringing forward such a proposition, he would have stated

same more substantial reason for putting the parish to such an expense. For himself, he could not, in the conscientious discharge of his public duty, agree to it. He was not willing to take up their time, understanding an important question, namely, as to what they themselves should have for supper, was about to be brought under their consideration—(*Hear! hear! hear!*). The motion had his decided opposition.

Mr. GREASYCHIN thought it would be the height of extravagance to agree with the motion before them—(*Cries of Question, Question!*)

Mr. RAISIN (the grocer) felt anxious to regale the poor with *plumb*-pudding, if it would not make their funds too scanty to furnish a supper.

Mr. SOAK thought it was a pity so much time should be lost when an important debate was expected to take place. He thought it would be cruel to give the poor plum-pudding at Christmas, as they would miss it all the year afterwards—(*Loud cries of Question, Question!*)

Mr. FAIRPLAY rose to reply, but the calls for the Question were so loud that he could not be heard. The motion was then put, and negatived by a large majority.

Mr. MUNCHWELL now rose to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice—a motion than which, he would venture to assert, one more important had never been discussed within those walls. The question was of no less magnitude than this: it went to determine what they should have for supper. He was confident all who heard him would feel how deeply the parish was interested in the decision of that night. The question was not merely whether they should have a turkey or a pig, but whether they should have such a *feed* as, by immemorial custom, the heads of the parish had been in the habit of allowing themselves, or whether they should

disperse after a scanty meal of mutton-chops, without taking either wine or punch. One gentleman, they must be aware, had conceived the monstrous idea of thus letting down the parish in the eyes of their neighbours. He trusted the gentlemen who formed this meeting had the dignity of the parish sincerely at heart. If they had (which he would not presume to doubt), they, considering the present assembly as the organ of the parish, must feel, that in feeding themselves they fed the whole of the parishioners—(*Loud cheering*). They were to consider themselves the *mouth*, and consequently they were bound to vindicate the *taste* of the parish—(*Hear! hear! hear!*) The minor business (for which the meeting was called) having happily been so soon disposed of, left them at full liberty to give their undivided and solemn attention to this most weighty question. If it was of importance to the parish to have men of high respectability at the head of their affairs, it must be felt that their dearest interest would be compromised by deviating from the course so nobly pursued by their ancestors, to content themselves with mean suppers. It had been well observed by an East-India Director, in the debate on Mr. Peter Moore's proposition for raising the salaries of the chairman, deputy-chairman, and directors, that by increasing the emoluments of their situations, the persons who applied for them would be less numerous and more select. This argument forcibly applied to the question now under discussion; and he would contend, that without good suppers, and occasionally good dinners, the business of the parish could never be done in a satisfactory manner. Under these circumstances, he should feel himself guilty of a base *dereliction from his duty*, if he were not to stand forth for the good of the public, by moving, "that a dish of veal cutlets, with ham and tarts, be forthwith prepared for supper." (*Hear! hear! hear!*)



Mr. FAIRPLAY opposed the motion, but the long continued coughing of the members obliged him to sit down in a great measure unheard. We understood him to say, that, if the parish could not afford the paupers a slice of plum-pudding once a year, he did not see how they could afford veal cutlets and ham for the gentlemen there assembled. He concluded by moving, as an amendment, that "bread and cheese" should be substituted for the supper proposed by Mr. Munchwell.

This amendment not being seconded, fell to the ground without discussion.

Mr. SNAVELL thought the proposition of the last speaker was little less than an insult to so respectable a meeting. Did the gentlemen think a pack of journey-men mechanics were there assembled, who were not to eat any thing but what they were willing to pay for out of their own pockets?—(*Hear! hear! hear!*). To suppose they would act like the class of people to whom he had alluded, was to suppose, they did not know what they owed to themselves—(*Loud cheering*). That amendment, therefore, he rejoiced to see lost for want of a seconder. While he said this of the amendment, he did not altogether approve of the original motion. He was surprised, that the gentleman who made such a magnificent oration on the subject of suppers, and who had placed in a point of view so truly luminous the advantages of good eating, should conclude with a paltry motion for a supper of veal cutlets. When Mr. Ryder called the attention of the members of another Assembly to the murders which some years since filled the nation with alarm, after setting forth the alarming situation in which the public were placed, he concluded by moving for a Committee to inquire into the state of the *nightly watch*. Mr. Sheridan, he remembered, laughed at the

insignificance of the motion, as compared with the gravity of the speech, and said he had better have proposed to examine the *parish nurses*. The same sort of ridicule, he was of opinion, would not be out of its place if bestowed on the present motion—(*A laugh*). Little did he think, when, in the course of the gentleman's speech, he heard of good suppers, of turkeys, and of pigs, that all this eloquence was to terminate in a veal cutlet—(*A laugh*). He should move an amendment, which he hoped would not meet with the fate of the last amendment. He then moved, that the words "veal cutlet" be omitted, to make room for the words, "turkey and roast fowls."

The amendment having been seconded,

Mr. MUNCHWELL hoped he might be allowed to say, in defence of his motion, that, in his opinion, veal cutlets were a better dish than that proposed by the last speaker. For his part, he did not care much for a bit of hollow, and many gentlemen present he knew were of the same way of thinking as himself. A veal cutlet he thought as good as a fowl, and better, because it had no bone.

Mr. PAUNCH, on this very interesting question, felt it his duty to observe, that, though it was true the bones of fowls were a great annoyance, and often prevented gentlemen from eating so well as they might had nature been sufficiently ingenious to do without bones in forming that *delectable dish*, yet it ought to be born in mind, that a turkey had many good substantial cuts, and therefore might in some measure be said to do away the necessity for having so plain a dish as that proposed by Mr. Munchwell. In entering upon the merits of the two suppers proposed, he wished to be distinctly understood to like both, but at the same time——

Mr. SWALLOWALL spoke to order.—As the gentleman was entering into the merits of two suppers, and as this



was a subject on which he might be expected to expatiate at length, he (Mr. Swallowall) suggested the expediency of ordering something at once to be dressed—(*Hear! hear! hear!*) lest, hearing of a variety of dishes, they should protract the discussion so long, as to make it impossible for them to get one served up to them that night—(*Hear! hear! hear!* and cries of “*Turkey, Turkey—Cutlets, Cutlets—Fowls, Fowls!*”

Mr. GUTTLE (the chairman) begged to observe, that time once lost could never be recalled; that time was money, or at least money's worth. The parish would pay dear for any mistaken economy on their part, if they wasted their time in debates which came to *nothing*. The best plan would be to act on that liberal scale which would conciliate all parties. He hoped the proposition he was about to submit to them would meet the approbation of all. It was simply this: As the debate turned on the question, whether turkey, &c. were better than veal cutlets, or veal cutlets better than turkey, &c. he did not see why the question could not be as well discussed after supper was ordered as before. If this were acquiesced in, he would then propose (that no time might be lost) at once to order the suppers recommended by both gentlemen. This done, the debate on the merits of each dish could be resumed, though the main question as to what they should sup on this night would be disposed of. (*Loud applauses*).

This suggestion was universally approved. The turkey, fowls, and cutlets, were forthwith ordered; the motion and amendment having been withdrawn, and other resolutions offered, declaratory of the merits of the several dishes referred to. On these an interesting discussion took place, which was carried on with great animation till supper was brought in, when it was unani-



mously agreed to suspend it till after they had supped. The cloth removed, the principal orators who had not yet delivered their sentiments were desired to proceed. These gentlemen, though anxious to submit their thoughts to the company, felt some difficulty in rising, from an apprehension that the *punch* would suffer by their doing so; as it was supposed that, from their warmth, the punch would be suffered to grow *cool*. The conclusion of the debate was therefore finally postponed till the next day of public business, when it is intended to take the sense of the meeting on a question so highly important to the heads of the parish. It is expected the turkey and fowls will carry it against veal cutlets, by a considerable majority. Some have guessed the numbers on a division will be as follows:

For Turkey, &c.	.	.	.	13
For Veal Cutlets	.	.	.	7
				<hr/>
Majority				6

The poor feel greatly interested in the result, and it is impossible to complain if the public business should be hastily dispatched till this important parish question is set at rest.

Q. B.

Walworth.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF SIR R. PHILLIPS,  
AND THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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———go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the \* stamp of merit.

*In the Supplementary Number to Vol. XXXIII. of the  
Monthly Magazine, published July 30, 1812.*

Extracts from Clarke's Travels, Vol. II.

At p. 663-4 is the following extract :

“ JAFFA.

“ Jaffa appeared to be almost in as forlorn a state, from the plague, as Rama; the air itself was still infected with the smell of unburied bodies. We went to the house of the English consul, whose grey hairs had not exempted him from French extortion. He had just ventured to hoist again the British flag upon the roof of his dwelling; and he told us, with tears in his eyes, that it was the only proof of welcome he could offer to us, as the French officers under Buonaparte had stripped him of every thing he possessed. However, in the midst of all his complaints against the French, not a syllable ever escaped his lips respecting the enormities supposed to be committed, by means of Buonaparte's orders or connivance, in the town and neighbourhood of Jaffa. As there are so many living witnesses to attest the truth of this representation, and the character of no ordinary individual is so much implicated in its result, the utmost

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\* No allusion to the Irish stamps, respecting which there was a curious trial, in which Sir R. P. acted a conspicuous part.

attention will be here paid to every particular likely to illustrate the fact; and for this especial reason, *because that individual is our enemy.* At the time we were in Jaffa, so soon after the supposed transactions are said to have occurred, the indignation of our consul, and of the inhabitants in general, against the French, was of so deep a nature, that there is nothing they would not have said to vilify Buonaparte or his officers; but this accusation they never even hinted."

On this passage of Dr. Clarke's book, the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine* (Sir R. Phillips) makes the following remark in a note, p. 664.

"These falsehoods were first circulated through the pamphlet of a British agent at Constantinople, and then *copied into books of travels by the printers and editors, to make their works sell*, and humour the popular prejudices against Buonaparte; all which were encouraged by the British administration of the day.—*Vide* Asperne, Raworth, Skinner, Morier, Wilson, and Wittman. EDITOR.

*Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and across the Desert into Egypt, during the Years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in company with the Turkish Army and, the British Military Mission. To which are annexed, Observations on the Plague, and on the Diseases prevalent in Turkey; and a Meteorological Journal. By WILLIAM WITTMAN, M. D. of the Royal Artillery, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and Surgeon to the British Military Mission acting with the Army of the Grand Vizier. 4to. Phillips, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1803.*

"The city (Jaffa) is surrounded by a stone wall, provided at certain distances with towers alternately square and round. Notwithstanding this wall cannot boast of any great strength, it sufficed to force Bonaparte's army to break ground, and to erect batteries against it to the southward. After a breach had been effected, the French troops stormed and carried the place. It



was probably owing to the obstinate defence made by the Turks, that the French commander-in-chief was induced to give orders for the horrid massacre which succeeded. Four thousand of wretched inhabitants, who had surrendered, and who had in vain implored the mercy of their conquerors, were, together with a part of the late Turkish garrison of El Arish (amounting, it has been said, to five or six hundred), dragged out in cold blood, *four days after the French had obtained possession of Jaffa*, to sand-hills, about a league distant, in the way to Gaza, and there most inhumanly put to death. I have seen the skeletons of these unfortunate victims, which lie scattered over the hills, a modern Golgotha, which remains a lasting disgrace to a nation calling itself civilized. It would give pleasure to the author of this work, as well as to every liberal mind, to hear these facts contradicted on substantial evidence. Indeed, I am sorry to add, that the charge of cruelty against the French general does not rest here. It having been reported, that, previously to the retreat of the French army from Syria, their commander-in-chief had ordered all the French sick at Jaffa to be poisoned, I was led to make the inquiry, to which every one who should have visited the spot would naturally have been directed, respecting an act of such singular, and, as it should seem, wanton inhumanity. It concerns me to have to state, not only that such a circumstance was said to have happened; but that, while in Egypt, an individual was pointed out to us as having been the executioner of these diabolical commands." P. 127.

In another place he says:—

"I made an excursion in the evening to the sand-hills (situated near the sea-side, and about three miles distant from the encampment), the scene of the horrid massacre of the captured Turks and Christians, by the order of the French commander-in-chief Buonaparte, some days after he had taken possession of Jaffa. I have already touched on this act, so inglorious to the perpetrator, in the account I have given of that place; and I shall add here, that the distance of time which elapsed after these poor wretches

had surrendered, and which furnished a fit opportunity for cool reflection, and the distance of the spot to which they were led, at least a league from the place of their captivity, manifest a spirit of diabolical revenge, of atrocious tyranny, which, for the honour of human nature, it is to be trusted will never recur, on any future occasion, among civilized and enlightened nations, to blacken the page of history, and to sully the military character. The surface of the ground had been some time before thickly covered with the skeletons of the victims; but at the time of my visit they were much reduced in number, the Grand Vizier having ordered a large hole to be dug, into which as many as could be well collected were thrown. Skulls, bones, remnants of clothing, &c. were still, notwithstanding, scattered over every part of the hillocks."

*Medical Sketches of the Expedition to Egypt.* By JAMES M'GREGOR, Esq. 8vo. 1814.

In a note to this volume, the author informs us of *his having frequently seen and conversed with a French Apothecary whom Buonaparte ordered to poison the wounded sick at Acre; and that he had often heard him mention the subject.* This is mentioned by Mr. M. as a circumstance well and generally known in the Indian army.

Now, Sir, it so happens, that this work of Dr. Wittman's was published in 1803, by the identical Sir. R. Phillips, by whom so serious a charge has recently been brought against it. This charge, whether we give credit to it or not, has reduced its author to a most awkward dilemma. He either brands Dr. Wittman and himself, as retailers of what in their consciences they believed to be the most atrocious calumnies that the human imagination is capable of inventing, or virtually tells us in his late comment, that he would stick at no falsehood, however flagrant, to

palliate the enormities of the sanguinary Moloch to whom he pays adoration. Whatever liberties he may choose to take with his own amiable character, it is surely going too far to hold forth such men as Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Morier, Dr. Wittman, &c. as *wilful liars* and *panders to the depraved appetites of the public*.

The known *talents* of Sir Richard Phillips as a *literary caterer*, and (if it were possible to believe any thing he says) the declaration quoted above, might almost lead one to suspect that some unfair tricks were practised in regard to Dr. Wittman's Travels. This conjecture is strengthened by the following circumstance:—The *Critical Reviewers*, in their correspondence at the end of the number for Feb. 1804, acknowledge the receipt of an *angry letter* from the publisher, then Mr. Phillips, in which he accuses them of “a *most abominable misrepresentation*” in the leading paragraph of their account of that work; because they had said, that it followed Sir Robert Wilson's, Denon's, Anderson's, and Walsh's; whereas he contended, that it appeared “*within a few weeks of these, and was announced before.*” They conclude with this significant remark:—“Those who know the original state in which it was offered, and the steps that intervened before the work was *announced* and published, will not wonder at its imperfections, but at the merit which it really possesses.”

S.

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The preceding statement, which we have received from a correspondent, affords but a very faint idea of the political and literary infamy attached to the Monthly Magazine and its Knightly Proprietor. We certainly have (thanks to the liberty of the press in France), but few



*The Monthly Magazine of Sir R. Phillips,*

opportunities of reading in regular series the publications which are permitted under the superintendence of the Police at Paris; but, from many specimens we have lately seen, we take upon ourselves boldly to assert, that in none are literature, truth, and decency, so grossly violated in favour of Buonaparte as in this Magazine written in the English language. The Moniteur itself, the official organ of the Corsican Usurper, does not so falsely and basely pervert historical facts in the cause of its master as does the Monthly Magazine. We never have purchased one of these scandalous publications, because, in our opinion, every shilling paid for them is a dereliction of a Briton's duty, an encouragement to vice and villany, an outrage upon patriotism, and, in its consequence, an act of treason, by aiding and abetting the enemies of our country. The five last months having, however, been sent to our office, and the foregoing communication with them, though we would not wade through the mass of disgusting matter which fills them, we could not resist the opportunity afforded of looking at a few passages marked for our perusal. What they are our readers will be enabled to judge by the following notices of a very few of their many disgraceful and scandalous essays. The number for July commences with a long *eulogy* on the *Code Napoleon*, of which we are told, that it is "the most complete and comprehensive digest of laws ever established, and it *now governs the fairest and most populous portions of Europe*;" that "great care seems to have been adopted by the framers of this Code, to confer on it characteristic features of wisdom, moderation, and justice;" that "it appears to have been drawn up with good faith, for the purpose of promoting the happiness of France;" in fine, that it is infinitely superior to the British jurisprudence, because *here* the lawyer's

discretion is paramount to the laws, *there* the law has the ascendancy, and sinks the lawyer into the mere instrument.

That Sir R. Phillips has good reason to dislike our English laws there can be no reason to doubt; but we question the policy of thus openly endeavouring to inculcate the lie, that every thing is so much better managed in France, where all law and right are sacrificed to the unbridled will of one ruthless despot.

In the analysis of this Code, we certainly find no specific punishment for giving bad bills, for fraudulent bankruptcies, for libels upon the Government, at which we are very much surprised!! We do not, however, admire it the more on this account, though we can readily imagine that there are rogues and swindlers in France and elsewhere who do.

One of the prominent features in this Magazine, is a "state of public affairs," according to Sir R. Phillips's opinion, of the preceding month. In the number before us, this is an extremely curious production. The events of the important month of June, 1813, is thus *stated*, as they "are *likely* to be, by *faithful* historians, at the distance of a *thousand* years (Sir R. takes care to fix the date of his contradiction tolerably far off), when the passions, prejudice, and passing interests of the passing hour shall have ceased to mislead the judgments of mankind." Here is our *faithful history*.

"On the 27th of April, Napoleon opened the campaign in Upper Saxony. On the 2d of May, he defeated the Allied Armies in a *general* action, near Lutzen. On the 10th, he crossed the Elbe. On the 21st, he assaulted and carried their entrenched positions at Bautzen, in Lusatia. On the 24th, he followed the *remains* of their army, reduced from one hundred and sixty thousand to less than



*sixty thousand*, into Silesia. (Oh monstrous and incredibly faithful historian!) And on the 27th, he *received* proposals from the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia for an armistice."

Upon this scoundrelly mis-statement of every item of this short campaign, the rascally writer (whoever he may be) compliments Buonaparte for "having fought it with peculiar military address," and, by continually turning the right of the allies, "compelled them finally to direct their course into the southern corner of Silesia, a mere *cul de sac*," &c. Excellent commentator upon a faithful history!! And "thus (he continues) was the Emperor of Russia! (alas! poor Emperor!) *cut off* from all *direct communication with Russia*, and the King of Prussia (alas! poor King!) *cut off* from all *direct communication with Prussia*!" To the sagacious comment is added this wise political reflection: "*Our experimental war faction* (continues the able advocate of the Corsican) are now (*July 1st*) exerting themselves to *delude the public* (*Qu.* Where lay the crime of delusion? *Dec. 1st*) with schemes of further hostilities, to which *they* (in italics) promise better success; but it is to be hoped (by us the vile emissaries of the enemy) the Sovereigns of Europe know their duty (to the Corsican) to themselves, to their subjects, and to mankind, too well to continue a *War of Experiment* any longer."

To this infamous, and vile, and despicable tissue of falsehood and disloyalty, are subjoined the treaties between Britain and Russia, and Britain and Sweden, with *appropriate* remarks; characterised as the most base that were ever concluded, "*approximated only by the treaties for partitioning Poland and FRANCE*:" a few contumelious extracts from Paris papers of the 13th; a foolish lie of deficits in the revenue at home; and a few



observations to prove the "*absurdity of commencing or carrying on any war* (viz. the "*unhappy war against America!*") *for the purpose of supporting MARITIME Rights*, known only to a state of war, and of *no importance* whatever in a state of peace;" which observations (to show the spirit of the author) conclude with these words:—"On the 26th of April, an American squadron, on Lake Ontario, captured York Town, the capital of Upper Canada, and *destroyed and captured many of the barbarians acting in concert with the British!!!*"

The "state of public affairs for July" contains the Prince Regent's Speech on proroguing Parliament. Next comes a review of the Spanish campaign, worthy of the vagabond who mutilates truth in this department of the Magazine. He affirms, that the battle of Vittoria was fought by 36,000 *French* against from 100 to 120,000 *English, Portuguese, and Spanish*; that the former only "*made a show of resistance,*" and lost, according to the corrupt government newspapers, from 4 to 6000 men, while they slew, &c. by our official statement, 4750!!!

A letter from the Queen of Sicily, and Madison's Speech to Congress, fill up this number of the Magazine of public affairs!!

We have no space to point out the many other rascally productions which are inserted in this number; the exaggerated estimate of Buonaparte's forces in actual service at 800,000 men; the estimable characters given of his accomplice generals and civilians (page 53); and all the farrago of falsehood in praise of our adversaries which is contained under the head of "*Literary and PHILOSOPHICAL Intelligence.*" Suffice it to say, they are as infamous and unworthy as the rest of the publication.

We shall not increase the nausea of the public, by length or minuteness in our remarks upon the Monthly

Magazine for the three last months, but confine ourselves to the chief political article, throwing any other remark into very short notes. The September number gives Lord Wellington's dispatches, relative to what Phillips calls the "*bloody battles in the Pyrenees*," and Rey's Letter from St. Sebastian; and upon this *full and complete* "state of public affairs in August," only these comments, after stating our loss in the "bloody battles" "at least 10,000 men! A bulletin of the British Government made the loss of the French 11,000, to which *they* (i. e. they, the bulletin) added 4000 prisoners; but they name no officers taken, and *ex parte statements are not to be trusted.*" So much for Lord Wellington. Rey estimates our loss at St. Sebastian at 14 to 1500 men; but this does not satisfy Sir Richard, for he adds in a note, "*The London Gazette makes it but 1250; but private accounts carry it MUCH higher!!*" Bravo, Sir Knight! Won't even the enemy's estimate of our losses satisfy your appetite for British slaughter?

October is more multifarious, but not a whit less detestable, traiterous, and false. The first documents are the Crown Prince's Proclamation, Prince Schwartzberg's Order, and Moreau's Address, occupying about a page and a half. The next is *the Facts of the Case, or faithful History of the War*, as detailed in *Buonaparte's Bulletins*, four pages, and not a syllable from the *London Gazette*, though containing *Sir C. Stewart's and Lord Cathcart's Dispatches* relative to the same battles!!! These, with the capture of St. Sebastian, complete the Exposition of the "State of Public Affairs" for October\*!

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\* In a preceding page is a statement of the *sole grounds* of the present war, which are affirmed to be, that England would not evacuate Malta pursuant to treaty, and that she harboured plotting and libelling French Emigrants!!

Last month's "State" is *entirely* taken from the *Moniteur*, and consists of the Corsican's bulletins, and such papers as he has thought fit to promulgate!! This Number is also infamous for an attempt to justify the murder of Palm at Nuremberg, or at least to palliate its atrocity by a precedent of some printer alleged to have undergone a "mock trial at the Old Bailey in 1663," and to have been *murdered legal-ly*, while Palm's death was "the act of a *Military Tribunal in the confusion of a seat of war.*"

We shall not go further. We shall not ask, whether a work like this ought to be encouraged?—We ask, ought it not to be burnt by the hangman, and all its appendages handed over to the same artist? We rejoice therefore to see a *New Monthly Magazine* announced (with which, upon our honour, we neither have, or will have, the slightest connexion.)—We rejoice to see that the public are to be enabled to have a work of this kind, in so far as regards literature, &c. without the pollution and filth of these politics, of which language does not enable us to speak with the contempt and abhorrence we feel. Of this we are convinced, that no good subject in Britain ought to be a purchaser of Sir Richard Phillips's scandalous, and unjust, and worthless *Monthly Magazine*, which deceives with a view of affairs not as they exist, but as it is wished they should exist, to promote the cause of Buonaparte, and cheats with a "state of affairs," which is only a lame, impotent, partial, garbled selection, which may serve the same Imperial Assassin.

What the execution of the new Work may be we know not.—If it be only passable, it must, and, as far as our labours in a liberal contemporary publication can go, shall, successfully, supersede that which is a disgrace to its authors, but a greater disgrace to the country.



# THE MOON.



*To be continued Monthly.)*

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*On the ASSUMPTION of the IMPERIAL PURPLE by  
BUONAPARTE \*.*

CETOYENS, frères, amis!  
Partisans de la republique.  
Grands raisonneurs ou politique,  
Dont je partage la douleur ;  
Venez assister en famille,  
An grand convoi de votre fille,  
Morte en couche d'un Empereur.  
L'indivisible Citoyenne,  
Qui ne devoit jamais perir,  
Ne pouvait supporter sans mourir,  
L'operation Cæsarienne ;  
Mais tous vous qui cet accident touche,  
Croyez, que cela n'importe rien  
Car si la mere est morte en couche,  
L'enfant au moins se porte bien.

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\* We do not believe this *Jeu d'Esprit* has ever appeared in print in this country. We trust the last line is about to be falsified, though we do not wish the mother restored, ED.

ANGLER'S WIT.

As Paul Permit was passing by a brook,  
He spied a boy with ozier twig and hook :  
Jack knew the rogue, for he survey'd  
His father Zackary Wiseman ;  
A queer old quiz, a chandler by his trade,  
A starch'd, stiff, formal, most precise man.  
"How now," said Guage, "what luck, what seek you in  
the brook?"  
"The Devil, Sir," in haste replied young Wiseman.  
"Indeed! and pray with what d'ye bait your hook?"  
Jack answer'd straight, "Your honour, AN EXCISEMAN."

X. X.

ILLIBERALITY.

I DRINK, you say, till I shall burst,  
Nought else you say employs me ;  
But nothing say about *that thirst*  
Which night and day annoys me.

X. X.

The SPORTING JOURNALIST.

A SPORTING Journalist once *Hunted Fame*  
He at a distance saw ;  
And, though pursuing *legal game*,  
Was *hunted down by Law*.

His *course* was plain and clear he thought,  
'Twas neck or nothing clearly ;  
The pleasures of the *Hunt* he sought,  
But paid for pleasure dearly.

Examin'd by our sapient LAW,  
Which no such crimes excuses,  
The sportsman's doom'd for his *faut pas*,  
In gaol to HUNT—the Muses!

X. X.

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DAVIS AND CARD.

*Impromptu, addressed to a GENTLEMAN who expressed  
some Surprise on reading the Trial of DAVIS v. CARD,  
Co-Partners in the Ship Cabalva, in the Morning Chronicle,  
Dec. 17th, 1813.*

“You wonder that Davis and Card disagree?”

And yet the solution's not hard:

Dog and Cat, Sir, begin with a D and a C,

And just so do Davis and Card,

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POPE—DROMGOOL.

“Now Beau NAFERTY's lick'd,” cries Paddy, “I hope,  
Friend Thady, to hear some good news from the Pope.”

“Be aisey,” says Thady, “you talk like a fool,

Who cares for the Pope, while we've Doctor Dromgool?

No Pope of them all ever utter'd such bulls;

Popes curse in fine language deriv'd from the schools,

But the neat Doctor Dromgool, with true Irish twang,

Damns the church in bad English, and Thomas Street  
slang.

Then long life to old Dromgool—upcheck'd by a rope,

He damns Protestant kingdoms as well as a Pope!”

C.



## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

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A VIEW OF THE POLITICAL STATE OF EUROPE *after the Battle of Leipsic, gained Oct. 18th, 1813.* Henry Colburn, Conduit Street; Goldie, Edinburgh; and Cumming, Dublin. pp. 99.

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So temperate as not to deserve the name of a party publication, grave as the importance of the subject discussed requires, argumentative, clear, dispassionate, and sound in principle, it is long since we have perused any political pamphlet with greater satisfaction than that of which we have above given the title. It is ascribed, by the editor of the Anti-Gallican Monitor, to the pen of a noble Emigrant, the Marquis de la Maison Fort. We know not what truth there is in this allegation; but we will venture to say, that the work before us does honour to the head and heart of its author, whoever he may be, and whatever rank in life he may hold.

We live in a singular time—an era of great political peril, and one in which *principles* are most apt to be sapped and corrupted by the approximation of party feeling, and by the unanimity prevailing among the various classes of our statesmen. There was no fear of the right

cause being sacrificed to threats, or wrested from its course by violence—for twenty-five years the revolutionary poisons of France, and the mischievous doctrines of their admirers in this country, have been successfully resisted, and the good sense of Britain has triumphed over all the open attacks of sophistry and false philosophy. While Whig and Tory battled, or when faction clamorously and forcibly endeavoured to subvert establishments and loyalty, there was nothing to be apprehended from its efforts; but we confess we are not without our fears of mischief, when we see Whitbread hugging my Lord Castlereagh, and men of known bad principles commending all the measures of the Government. We dread lest greater concessions should be made from the spirit of conciliation than is consistent with the interests of this country, or of the world; we tremble lest, in an unhappy hour of mutual endearment, the tribe we detest should treacherously obtain from the men whose system we have ever supported, that compromise which would cut the cable rope that has buoyed up sinking Europe, and at the extremity of which Old England rested—the immortal sheet-anchor.

It is therefore that we rejoice so much in having it in our power to recommend this pamphlet with unqualified approbation. It takes a retrospective view, and this cannot be done without bringing us a little back to those just notions and acknowledged principles which may be lost sight of and slighted in these days. The right-mindedness of the author restores us to ancient land-marks which existed before the torrent of innovation swept away all that was venerable, and destroyed all that was of worth: and this is a useful point of view to be brought into light at the present moment. Our senses have been somewhat perverted by the bustle of great events; we

have not had time to reflect, and, from all that we hear and see, it would seem that the feeling of the moral dignity of human nature has been lost over half the universe. An attentive reference to the history of the last half century, is the best course that can be taken to restore us to sanity of mind and coolness of judgment. In the contrast, we will become ashamed of the laxity which has invaded us, and return with pride to tread in the footsteps of our fathers, before the monstrous contagion which has partially corrupted us has visited the afflicted earth.

In these observations we, however, keep our readers too long from the treat we have promised them; and, if our review of the work should be more prolix than is our custom, we trust its value will excuse it, and we shall stand acquitted of having done our utmost to disseminate the knowledge of a publication which ought to be in every man's hands.

After taking a glance at preceding events in the war waged by Buonaparte, the writer says—

What can have been the principle of combinations no less barbarous than wild?—The disorder that reigns in the thoughts of a single man, the void in his heart, the absence of every enlightened sentiment. Dazzled by his false grandeur, but never convinced, Bonaparte has scarcely ever been able to believe in his own elevation, because his conscience, more powerful than himself, has always told him that it was a monstrosity. He who has kept up the illusion to so many kings, has never been able to keep it up to himself, he has never been able to persuade himself that his own power was fixed, and every sovereign who is not so must necessarily abandon himself to tyranny. It was in order to reign over France that he devastated Europe; it was to retard the return of so many sovereigns into themselves that he occupied them in repairing the losses of which he was the cause; it was in short for want of fixing at something that he aimed at every thing, throwing



himself into the vast field of chimeras, to distract his mind and veil over to himself frightful truths.

Bonaparte not daring to be King, that is to say to succeed to a title sacred to the French, raised himself to the dignity of Emperor. He overleaped as it were the former title, as we avoid an inaccessible rock, and it is because he could not in spite of treaties reckon upon a single ally that he planned that girdle of kingdom which he bestowed upon his own family.

Such is the origin of the political system which has overturned Europe for five years before it could enlighten it. It is not from attachment to his family that he, whose heart is not open to any of those mild affections which soften the ferocity of man, placed his brothers upon thrones, since for them he has no kindness or esteem. It was to prevent all repentance in people subjugated by treason, submissive through impotence, that he placed Joseph at Madrid, Murat at Naples, Louis in Holland, and Jerome in Westphalia. Reason, for he has known himself, he has judged himself better than he has been judged by half the cabinets of Europe, told him that subjections such as these could only be momentary, and it is fear of the moment of awakening which has made him spread terror and inflict death.

Bonaparte in following the ancient order of things, in negotiating with sovereign houses belonging to other centuries, in finding himself the last among the confederation of kings, felt himself annoyed by an inferiority which wounded his pride. He knew well that by dint of victories he might enter the list with advantage against the ancestry of so many sovereigns; but he foresaw the immense distance with which he must one day be regarded if his victories should be converted into defeats. To prevent this danger it was necessary to throw down every thing, to transplant every thing, to remain alone at an elevation which could not be contested, to establish a new dynasty in order to undermine all others, and it was this great work, more necessary to his preservation than may be imagined, that led him on to his fall.

But these political combinations of an Usurper have never pro-

duced any thing to France but an imaginary glory and positive losses. Her population has been destroyed for acquisitions which have never added any thing to her prosperity; the fortune of her oppressor has alone been raised by all the sacrifices she has been induced to make. He has reigned over her neighbours, she has remained a slave to him, and it was not till the day of his shame that she was called upon to share in all the woes which he has brought upon her.

Such are the rights of Napoleon to a confidence which he has so cruelly abused. A false enthusiasm, ideas of national pride ill reflected upon, may still for some time support the idol, but the great ties of a people to a sovereign, their mutual interest, a common glory, long recollections, have never subsisted between this Usurper and France.

A contract existed between the republicans of France and Bonaparte; extorted by fear, surprised from indifference, obtained from disgust, it was signed on the eighteenth of Brumaire. France promised obedience, her chief promised her tranquillity and happiness. He hoped to have performed his promise, but ten years of war, of devastations, of misery, have dissolved every engagement; the partisans of the tyrant are free, his tyranny has released them from their oath.

The next extract we shall take treats thus ably of the important subject of peace.

It is certain that peace might be made with Napoleon; for he has negociators to promise, agents to deceive, ministers to make fine-turned phrases, ambassadors to sign, and, above all, a character perfidious enough to engage his word and forfeit his faith. But who can now doubt that such a peace would be the most dangerous of truces?—Would Europe, for this time without an excuse since she will not have yielded to the empire of necessity, find again in a century the moment she has now suffered to escape? In acknowledging the bravery of the allied troops, and the skill of their generals, what would re-produce a second time

that enthusiasm, that ardour which has doubled the faculties of all?—What could re-assemble, at one and the same point, so many sovereigns united by esteem, and become companions in arms?—What would re-produce that miraculous agreement of so many interests to which one common want, one universal hatred, have given so perfect an unity?—In order to raise again the spirit of the Russians, to exasperate again the Prussians, to exalt these nations even above their hereditary courage, must Moscow again be delivered up to the flames, must twenty provinces of Prussia become anew the prey to fifty thousand spoilers?—Excess of evils have produced incalculable effects, the remedy has arisen out of the evil, misfortunes have been useful, but like evils would never again produce like remedies. The national exaltation might be the same, but it would never resume the same paths; what is foreseen may be wise, but it is only that which was not foreseen that can be great. Peace would break the enchantment, the charm would be dissolved for the Allied Powers, as it has just been dispersed for the French: The people, suffered to return to repose, would resume their ordinary ideas, and every thing would slacken in Europe in proportion as the thirst of vengeance would re-establish the means which so many victories have just annihilated.

If peace should be admissible, if these French, so proud of their conquests, should be forced to repass the *Furcæ Caudinæ*, like the Romans, who were not the less afterwards masters of the world, what tranquillity could reasonably be hoped for?—Napoleon was guilty of one fault which led to all the others, that of believing in the submission of humbled nations. It is not for the Allies, who have profited by this security, to imitate it. No peace will ever chain the most perfidious of men, and the more shameful it should be, the sooner would he be disengaged from it. To get rid of his enemies is at present the most complete victory he could obtain, and it can only be obtained by the pens of his negociators. To break that unity which overwhelms him; to estrange from each other those Sovereigns who now communicate freely together, who reciprocally exchange



their thoughts, their wills; to make politics return into their usual labyrinth;—these are the ends to which his wishes must be directed. What would momentary sacrifices cost him, as Berthier lately wrote to him, and as his Senate seemed to give him to understand; could he purchase too dearly the dissolution of an alliance which never could be revived?—Could he not promise every thing, in order to disperse such an assembled force?—Peace with Napoleon would be only the dissolution of the coalition without any equivalent; it would be the act of madness of a man, who, having disarmed an assassin, should, at parting, return him the dagger he had wrested from him.

After a few further remarks, the author proceeds :

Any peace which does not bring with it such an equilibrium, as would dispense with the Allies observing precautions no less burdensome than the war itself, cannot be thought of. The sacrifice of a coalition without example, of an unanimity which has no model, of a re-union of sovereigns created by a sovereign who has in himself no personal ambition, would be such a sacrifice, that it could never be rapid except in such a general pacification as would put an entire end to a state of convulsion; to point out the evil, is sufficient to indicate the remedy. France has only one step to take to obtain peace; it is to recover her independence, and to make a good use of it; Europe, as the price of twenty years of war, asks nothing of her but to insure her own happiness.

And again,

When Bonaparte says that it is the gold of England which purchases all Europe over to its system, can these poor people, deprived of all industry, refuse to believe that it is excess of injustice which has brought back independence? The misfortunes of the war may be concealed from them, but they do not find their children restored; they hear of victories, but the husband, the son, the brother returns not! Hope is in all the proclamations, Despair is in every heart. Some hired writers, some prefects paid for lying,

some towns led on by intriguers, for enthusiasts exist no longer, come to the foot of the throne to offer up pompous phrases; bachelors tender the sons of fathers of families, vagabonds the gold of persons of property, the rich the blood of the poor inhabitants of the country. They depart to serve the ambition of men in place, they talk to fill the official papers, they return to elude all that they had promised. But in the midst of this parade of patriotism, the creditor of the state sees with dismay credit annihilated, and the peasant in the village cannot look on his last child without tears

Was it France that on the eighteenth of Brumaire gave herself to Buonaparte, or was it only the wrecks of certain factions?—Was it France that offered him the Consulate for life, that afterwards gave him the crown, or was it a senate chosen by himself?—An appeal in such cases is always, in theory, made to the people, but how far are they in fact consulted?—It is in virtue of this free choice, which is a mere chimera, that France in two and twenty years has made every discovery possible in the way of error. A monarchy without a king in 1791, she declared war against all the powers by which she was surrounded; fallen into anarchy in 1792, she menaced all the sovereigns; a democratic republic, she passed over her frontiers and deluged Europe with a million of soldiers. Returning to a more consolidated government in 1799, she spread disorder in all the cabinets and confusion in all political relations; at length, under a military despotism, she has compelled Europe, from the fear of annihilation, to know the plenitude of her power.

This monarchy was the first that was formed, other nations rallied round the example she had set, and civilized Europe will never forget her cradle. Respecting her territory, the nations around will engage her by their magnanimity to choose the only government, which can prove that she is desirous of peace. But, in order to obtain this peace, the sole obstacle to it must be removed, Napoleon must reign no longer. He ought no longer to sully the throne, nor ought his name any longer to sully these pages;

it is time that his power should vanish, and that Europe, after twenty-three years of storms, should be shown the bottom on which all her sovereigns ought to cast anchor, if they wish to return into port.

If the Allies had armed upon those political principles which have so often disunited them; if this memorable war had the character of all those by which it has been preceded; if the jealousies of the different cabinets had not, by an union deserving of the utmost admiration, been converted into a disinterested zeal for the public good; if the unanimity that reigns in their operations did not prove the integrity with which they are animated; if victory, in short, had not been their just recompense, a respectful silence might still be observed. But the moment is arrived for finishing the social edifice, for laying the last stone—the key-stone of the vault, which in politics, as in architecture, insures the solidity of the whole, is not yet placed, but the magnanimity of the allied Sovereigns cannot admit of holding back any longer; where every thing is praise-worthy, to keep silence is a sort of aspersion. The present moment being above all eulogium, we ought to resign ourselves with confidence to the future, and expect from Princes who have shown themselves so generous, that conduct alone which would be the most just towards the people, the wisest for themselves, and the most useful for all.

The cause of legitimate Royalty, pleaded twenty-three years ago before the tribunal of public opinion, is gained at length, through the medium even of the crimes committed by him who sought to destroy it. The inconveniences of a military despotism have pronounced the eulogium of a monarchical government; Napoleon is the most eloquent orator that ever spoke in favour of Kings, and the depopulated soil of France says more against his tyrannical government than could be urged by all the demagogues of the universe against Royalty. The only reasoning that can convince a people who have thrown aside first principles, is necessity, and in the name of necessity alone is it now permitted to



speaking ; it is only from her that safety is now to be expected, it is she who will bring back France to monarchy.

But admitting that a coalition so uniform in its march, so wise in its principles, so united in its military prowess, crowns the most brilliant of campaigns by the most noble policy, what is that regenerated France which it concerns Europe to recal into her bosom ? —Is it France, such as she was at the epoch when the first convulsions broke down all equilibrium, or that which said at Rastadt, at Luneville, at Amiens, I require a fifth, in addition to my population, to indemnify me for the misfortunes of which I have been myself the cause ? —If it be unworthy of a good cause to punish a nation which has been the sport of the ambitious leaders by whom she was governed, it is unjust to recompense the enterprises of those leaders. France has no right whatever to the countries she has invaded, for the generation that witnessed the invasion still exists, and protests against the violence it experienced. Time has not sanctioned such outrages, the wounds are not yet closed, they are still bleeding. Shall the prescription, which the laws grant to individuals, be refused to nations ? and do twenty years, at the utmost, present an æra sufficiently remote to legitimize an usurpation ? —Let not the renunciations made by the Powers, and the indemnities received, be offered as a sanction ; all was proposed by force, and accepted by necessity ; the present war has annulled all treaties engendered by preceding wars ; Europe can no longer bind herself but by a general peace established upon the rights of nations ; victory has just overthrown all that victory had built up.

But can France, impoverished by so many misfortunes, exist without those provinces, of which the Allied Powers have a right to demand the restitution ? —Yes, if it be France delivered from her oppressor and disposed to live at peace. Restored from that time to the European communion, inspiring confidence, recalling ancient ties of friendship, and strong in all the advantages which she derives from nature, in this tranquil state she will be permitted to recover in a few years what she will think she has lost. England, who has no other animosity against her than what is es-

essential to her own safety, will find again with pleasure consumers for her articles of commerce, and a hope of rivalry will restore to her, her young marines emulous of future glory. France exchanging her conquests for her colonies, her despotism for peaceable laws, her conscription for peace, her political preponderance for internal happiness, will learn by a fortunate experience, that a country which can alone, of all the countries in the universe, produce a population of twenty-seven millions of men, all speaking the same language, professing the same worship, having the same laws, and as it were the same character, has nothing to regret upon earth, and still less any thing to envy.

The idea of a peace which should restore to Napoleon all he has lost, that is to say, the power of still menacing Spain, of attacking Holland, of preserving Genoa, of lording it over Switzerland, of occupying all Italy, being then wholly inadmissible, it is time to combat the only chimera to which the unreflecting partisans of every thing that bears the name of peace seem still to adhere. The utmost caution ought to be exercised against imitating Germany in her blindness, and abandoning to France what so many people have had the folly to call *her natural limits*. Besides the evil of giving back to the Usurper what he no longer has, an army; besides the danger of engaging by signing a peace to send him back three hundred thousand prisoners, who would be at this moment the only soldiers on whom he could place any dependence, would it not be an act of the highest imprudence to replace such a man at the point whence he set out? Shall Mayence, the bulwark of the Germanic Empire, be left in the hands of him, who, as long as he lives, will never consider the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine but as ungrateful wretches and rebels. And what are these pretended boundaries placed by nature to the ambition of nations?—the course of a great river, of some smaller river. Such ideas never enter into political calculations, but when fear and not justice reign in the cabinets. The French have for many years cried loudly to establish this system; but if the interest of the conqueror has born away every other consideration, have not these *pretended natural limits* been over-

leaped?—the Rhine was then no longer found to be the true barrier; the Elbe soon became the river that the blindest ambition chose as the boundary to separate free from enslaved Europe.

And who but the heir of thirty-five kings, the lineal descendant of Saint Louis, of Henry the Fourth, combines in his person such a train of recollections, as can rescue France from a yoke which her Oppressor renders every day more and more odious? Who will dare, after so many scourges, present himself as one scourge more? Perhaps the love of power, the thirst of reigning which intoxicated Robespierre, and which have turned the mind of his successor, may still lurk in the hearts of some factious partisans, who, when they think of the end, cannot any longer measure the distance; but they that can pretend to interpose between an Usurper, who ravages Europe, and the legal heir of an august house, are little to be feared. Why place or maintain upon the throne weak and feeble beings?—Why protect tottering powers?—Nothing but a glory without reproach, a birth *uncontested*, can, with any face, pretend to the honour of governing France. The glory is vanished, the rights remain; let Bonaparte fall, and Louis the Eighteenth can no longer have a rival. France may return into the bosom of anarchy, may belong to all the world, to end at last in belonging to nobody, but no other can reign over her, save he who has a right to reign. Europe ought not to suffer any new experiments to be made in a country, whose experiments have already cost her so dear. If it be humane to desire tranquillity, it is necessary to exact it. Is it for the good of the man alone, or for the interests of all, that Sovereigns and Laws exist?—Is it for Louis the Eighteenth that it is necessary the people of France should have a King, or is it for this people that it is necessary Louis the Eighteenth should reign over them?

It is the people at large who have now conquered, it was only portions of the people that were vanquished. The armies had been beaten in one campaign, in another the cabinets had been deceived; sovereigns, generals, ministers, had been tricked, the



people brought nothing into the quarrel but fear and curiosity. In these contests esteem was for the enemy, distrust for themselves, and opinion was fortune. But from the moment when a great people substituting themselves for the army, placed their entire will in the room of the instrument only of that will, the face of Europe must necessarily be changed.

The Tyrant of the French only made such a progress over Europe by means of his auxiliary aids. If he fought her armies, policy seconded him; if he menaced thrones, his menaces flattered the people; if he plundered these same people, he revenged the sovereigns whom they had abandoned. Disorder and falsehood marched before him, one half of his enemies served him to weaken the other half; disunion delivered the world up to him, it is union which has just reconquered it. The Oppressor of Europe governed the half of her territory; he had deceived France by holding out the hope of rendering her happy; Italy by the hope of seeing the whole country united together; the Confederation of the Rhine, by inspiring them with fear of Prussia and Austria; Spain by treason; Holland by perfidy; Austria by his negotiations; Prussia by his intrigues; Saxony by his hypocrisy; Poland by false hopes; Russia by the promise of restoring her to tranquillity. So much power raised upon such a scaffolding of falsehood, must one day moulder away, and this Tower of Babel must be abandoned by its workmen, Kings and Princes, who in serving the ambition of one man all on a sudden ceased to understand each other.

Theories, abstract ideas, had led the people on; experience, simple ideas, have led them back. The love of liberty, instead of establishing republics, has annihilated those that existed, and the fruit of an age of sophisms, and twenty-five years of misfortunes, is the wish of Holland for a king.

To obviate all uneasiness respecting the present coalition, let it only be asked, where is the power that can destroy Opinion? Suppose the Oppressor of France to levy *eleven hundred thousand soldiers*, he cannot conquer twenty nations who have constituted

themselves the *dépôts* for their armies. What can be the result even if he obtained victories? Can they compel ideas to make one retrograde step? For twenty years the sovereigns had been ascending the stream of opinion, at present they redescend it, carrying with them the wishes of all the people upon the shores.

While the sovereigns fought against the French nation, the struggle was painful, and they could not fail of being overpowered; but since it is the nations that fight against a Corsican, opinion has changed its place, it has passed into the camp of the conquerors. And if all the principles, all the sentiments that bind men closely together are on the side of the Allies, a rapid glance will soon show that all the resources are equally with them.

Prussia has been laid waste, but her inhabitants have been converted into invincible soldiers; necessity and despair have done more than the economy of Frederic William the First, and the genius of his son. Her armies are more numerous; devotion to the cause has supplied materials to support it; discipline has arisen from the necessity of its being re-established. Useful men have presented themselves from all parts, the clouds which concealed the skilful Generals are dispersed; Blucher has saved his country, and Prussia, at this day, has no reason to envy Prussia, under the Great Frederic.

Instructed by experience, the Confederation of the Rhine no longer seeks a support in tyranny; she will no longer endeavour to escape from the laws she had made to herself to run into a system of which she is still ignorant; she will only see in France a barrier against the ambition of the powers by whom she is surrounded, and in these same powers a curb to the ambition of France.

Austria, who includes within herself, all that constitutes the true force of a state, a monarchy, as Talleyrand himself acknowledged, whose roots penetrate quite to the centre of the earth—Austria will have learnt that egotism in politics is the most fatal of all combinations.

Too much disposed perhaps to take the agitations of factions



for the safety of the state, Sweden already feels the entire value of her brilliant situation. She sees in the great man, who between Lutzen and Leipsic, recalls the memory of the illustrious Gustavus, one who will repair the evils that Charles the Twelfth brought upon her, and thanks Heaven for having drawn from the bosom of disorder the hero, who will restore her to tranquillity, and lay the foundation for her future prosperity.

Denmark, corrected by experience, will learn perhaps, that to share the misfortunes of the brave, is preferable to participating in the fortune of the wicked : and threatened with being taught a severe lesson, will hasten to merit the esteem of the dispensers of European justice.

Holland, whose good faith is true power, in reviving commerce in her towns, in renewing her industry upon the element by which she is surrounded, will not forget that to the wisdom of acquiring must be united energy to preserve, and the vessel of the State, battered by republican tempests, will drop the true anchor which alone can insure her tranquillity.

Italy, more impatient of the yoke than any other country, but more strictly watched, waits, but probably conspires. It is no longer for her that we tremble, it is for the unfortunate French, innocent, as it were, of the crimes that they commit. The Sicilian vespers cannot be called to mind without shuddering, and memory recurring with grief to the pages of history, sees those fine countries once more become the tombs of their conquerors.

Such is the view of the powers which have received a great example from England, from Spain, and from Russia. If to the force of that opinion which has raised Europe again from her fallen state, generous and clear-sighted England shall continue to join her riches, the Peninsula its energy, and Russia her admirable disinterestedness, she is sure of reconquering her tranquillity.

The Revolution made twenty-five years ago profited by the faults of all the Kings, let the present Revolution profit by their talents and their virtues. The Allies cannot be ignorant of the resources they possess ; recent events have taught them to understand them fully. But what are those resources which Heaven



had concealed, as it were for a time, to develop them again at the epoch when it should cease to punish ?

Spain was nearly conquered ; a throne, an altar had fled ; the country of Portugal was scarcely any longer a country ; but Wellington was reserved by Providence, and two brave nations have been saved.

France, after five and twenty years of convulsion, has need of repose ; Europe has equal need, that she should be placed in a situation in which she is no longer to be feared ; the world at large has need, that she should be restored to its esteem, and that same Providence has preserved to her a monarch just and without ambition, a family without resentments, generous Princes who still tremble lest they should be confounded with her Tyrant.

The Allies, to avoid the exactions which would render them odious, have occasion for subsidies, and Providence concentrates all the riches of the world among the people of the world the most worthy to make so noble an use of them.

In leading the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine astray for a while, in overlooking for a long time the faults of Prussia, the errors of Austria, Providence has maintained upon those thrones, sovereigns full of honour and worthy of hearing the truth.

Not being able to restore at once to Sweden the preponderance she had enjoyed in former ages, it has united her glory with that of a Chief which it has given to her soldiers, and who prepares to her a glorious futurity.

Lastly, to crown so many blessings, to unite so many different elements, to overthrow so many obstacles, to stifle so much ambition, to smooth over so many jealousies, to cement so vast an edifice, Providence has consigned its great work to the safeguard of probity, of honour, of all the most heroic sentiments, and has placed these virtues in the heart of the Emperor Alexander.

## THEATRES.

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*

HORACE.

## COVENT GARDEN.

FRIDAY, 3d December—Coriolanus, the chief character by Mr. Conway. Little as we think of Mr. Conway's histrionic abilities, we confess that we consider him to be a more deserving performer than to be treated so scandalously by the managers in being forced to appear in this part. That he never would voluntarily have attempted to put himself into direct competition with Mr. Kemble, in a character which may be spoken of as his *chef d'œuvre*, we are thoroughly persuaded. It was besides only the other day that the public saw Mr. K. perform Coriolanus, and all his merits are vivid in recollection—none of the grandeur and dignity, and force, with which he deported himself, so as to present a perfect picture of the noble Roman, is forgotten. It was therefore very cruel and very injudicious to obtrude another, who, though an inferior actor, has a reputation to lose upon the town in this way, for surely it cannot have been deemed necessary to whet the public appetite for Mr. Kemble's re-appearance on the boards in January, by exhibiting inefficient performers in his best parts!! Feeling, which we sincerely do, for Mr. Conway, impelled to this unequal contest, and plunged into a contrast which it is impossible can be favourable to him, we shall abstain from a minute investigation of his performance. He throughout only reminded us, by his imitation of his great predecessor, to make us feel how different the same play might appear in different hands. The illusion of Rome, and Romans, and heroes, had all vanished—all was flat and dreary.

In the farce this evening, a piece of presumptuous indecorum was played off by Mr. Mathews, which we trust we shall neither see imitated by any other performer, or attempted again by Mr. Mathews, who ought to know there is a limit to the indulgence with which the public treats gentlemen of his cast. Having, as it appears, got the buffoon Coates to sit in one of the stage-boxes while he sustained the ridiculous part of Romeo Rantall in the stupid farce of *At Home*, Mr. Mathews took occasion to carry his imitation of that idiot so far as to shake hands with him from the stage, which stale and silly trick shook (as the papers assert) the house with laughter. Laughter, philosophers tell us, proceeds from a sense of superiority; and we suppose the galleries and empty noodles in other parts of the Theatre were tickled on the diaphragm, by a feeling of superiority over the miserable driveller exhibited in the stage-box, and perhaps over the mimic exhibited on the stage. If so, they reckoned without their host. Coates was not so degraded by the act as they imagined, for it was his own; and the whole of this admirable *ruse* (or we are grossly misinformed) a concerted scheme between a fellow who would sacrifice every thing respectable for notoriety, and an actor who ought to have been above lending himself to such contemptible manœuvrings.

Dec. 8.—Richard the III<sup>d</sup>. Richard Mr. Young, his first, and, we trust, his last appearance in that character. Speaking with a view to the great talents and accomplishments of this gentleman, his personation of the Crook-backed Tyrant was as complete a failure as we ever witnessed. Not but that there were numerous brilliant passages, and a display of genius that would have done honour to any other performer on the stage; but still the general portraiture was far inferior to what we could have expected from Mr. Young. There is no character more difficult than Richard. It is difficult in itself, from the wonderful compass of ability, for the display of which it affords scope for the amazing variety of the situations in which the Usurper is placed, and of the passions by which he is agitated: but it is rendered still more trying to a performer, from our being enabled, from the playing of Kemble



and Cooke, to combine and form a complete ideal picture of the character perfectly portrayed. To the abstract notion obtained from the study of these two admirable actors, we think it barely possible for any one to do justice—the standard by which we try his efforts is most disadvantageous to the highest talents. It is too much to expect (and yet we cannot do less) at once the power, and conduct, and vigour of Kemble, and the malignant keenness and subtle hypocrisy of Cooke.

Mr. Young was faint at the commencement of the play, probably from an apprehension of the magnitude of the task he had undertaken, and it was only after he had warmed in the part, that any of those coruscations burst from him which evinced the master in his profession. We shall do no more than repeat, that, notwithstanding a few of these occasional and bright gleams, his Richard was upon the whole a failure.

Dec. 9th.—The Beggar's Opera "*compressed* into two acts," i. e. cut into shreds and patches, robbed of every particle of merit, and made "the ghost of what it was," when for half a century a favourite on the stage. In truth, this entertaining work of an author, who wrote when English literature had, to say the least of it, as many living ornaments as it has at this day, and when there were certainly better dramas produced than any we have of late been in the habit of seeing brought out, has been utterly emasculated, and rendered as dull, vapid, and stupid, as any modern composition, by the play-wrights now in employment for the Theatres. But, after all, it does seem silly spite; not only to give us nothing but insipidity and weakness in *new* pieces, but to be at so much invidious pains to deprive the old of all raciness and vigour. We do wish the managers would carry their levelling principles not quite to this extent, and suffer us to see a good play now and then, were it only for the sake of variety—a rarity or two to make us feed without murmuring on the common dishes. As for the Beggar's Opera *compressed*, we do not believe that childish folly and stupid absurdity can go further. Cursed be nature, cursed be common sense, cursed be the habits of men and the customs of life, say the managers, the curtailers of operas

and the mutilators of plays. We will have novelty. Moral highwaymen ! polite thieves ! virtuous prostitutes ! honest rogues ! elegant rabble ! genteel turnkeys ! philosophic bawds ! nothing, nobody shall be vulgar on our decent stage. Hail to thy reign, *oh Mawkish Sensibility !* thou queen of theatricals, and nurse of the immaculate and stainless Harris ! But alas-the-while for the now purged and sweet-scented Beggar's Opera ! The most delicate nymph of all Tichfield-street may witness thee without emotion, the chastest dame from provincial town may relish thy classic jokes and innocuous wit ; the unpolluted beau may view thee through their glasses, and remain as pure as they were before ; yea, verily, Incledon may play Macheath without corruption, and the yet uncorrupted novice Miss Stephens chant the strains of Polly without the taint of corruption !—We live in a charming moral and improving age ! Oh dear ! there is no room for satire, and we may soon say (when the stage is purged of all uncleanness, and party spirit entirely gone in politics) !!!

#### OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE !

That good day is however yet to come.

While we are upon the subject of innovations in old and favourite dramas, we would also ask why such unpardonable alterations have been made even in that delightful and well-established opera, *Love in a Village*. Why have we BISHOP'S, or KELLY'S, or any other person's compositions foisted in upon the charming music of Arne ? Without meaning any censure upon these professors of crotchets, we will venture to say that the notes of the latter will be as long current as any they can manufacture. If they must have something heard every night, let us have it in the old way, between the acts, where if it does no more, it will fill up the pause, and perhaps please the ignorant (who want penny-worths for their penny), as much as the proscenium or green curtain, but it is inexcusable to interweave it to destroy the effect of the well executed design of another.

A new melo-dramatic opera, in two acts, called *For England Ho !* was produced on the 15th, and may do for England in the present



state of our drama, but would have been damned by Vandals on the first representation, had it not been offered to them as a source of amusement. We are most heartily sick of the name of melo-drama—it is the prelude to a mass of absurdity and rubbish, scraped together and compounded into the shape of a theatrical entertainment, by some person who has not brains enough to write a single good scene of a regular play. This “*For England Ho,*” is said to be from the lumber-room of Pocoëk, the maker-up of the *Miller and his Men* (whose mill has not yet been exploded), and, not possessing the scenery, and blazing, and bustling of that piece, though its equal in diction, and sense, and spirit, it is not likely to be endured for many nights.—It is a ridiculous and unnatural jumble of men of all nations, got together nobody knows how, doing things nobody knows why, and only remarkable because the facts are irreconcilable with reason, and the actions of the dramatis personæ inconsistent with the laws, habits, and usages of mankind. The scene is somewhere in France, where a parcel of different sized English women, and an English seaman, and a French serjeant and his wife, and an Italian lover, and a German baron, and a Bond-street fop, and a dozen or two of other nations and descriptions, are huddled together without interest, sprightly dialogue, probability or situation—and this is a melo-drama.—The music is pretty and tasteful, and a boy of the name of Williams, with a sweet voice, made a favourable debut in this silly trifle. Dancing and scenery, and the fiddle and song, procured a favourable reception, and the thing has been frequently repeated.

Not so a new farce, entitled *Fair Game*, from the pen of Bate Dudley, or some partner of his whom he has prevailed upon to go halves in the suspicious obloquy of being the perpetrator of this gross offence against all that is rational or even tolerable in public estimation. Had we no other proof of the patience and generosity of the public (which are however most praise-worthy), the endurance of the wretched trash of *At Home*, would entitle us to commend the good nature exercised towards bad authors and d—d bad productions. But this is no apology for the vile attempt



made to insult us in *Fair Game*—one of the foulest impositions upon presupposed simplicity that we ever witnessed. Of all the contemptible and puerile compositions ever offered from the stage, by the vanity of poultry author, or the stupidity of doltish manager, this was one of the foremost. We would be ashamed to criticise it—we were ashamed to see it; for it was a disgrace to a country to have such a notorious piece of frippery presented for its judgment in the regular theatre. As it went on (it did not however go off), we looked inquisitively about us, feeling for our national reputation, to see if we could discern any foreign physiognomies among the spectators. We blush to say that we did see several Dutch and German, and Spanish and Portuguese looking men—we fear that such were present on this night of ignominy, when we shrank into a kind of self-concealment, and fervently prayed to Apollo that we might never be brought into such an awkward scrape again. *The only EXCELLENT bon-mot in the piece occurs on setting a puppy dog on its hind legs, and saying in the language of sportsmen, "It can stand !!!"—Fie for shame!*

The new Pantomimes came out too late for observation this month. Harlequin and the Swans at this theatre, though not humorous, is so magnificent and excellent in other respects, that it is likely to have a run. Mr. Conway tried Douglas—his failure, as might be expected, was most complete.

#### DRURY LANE.

THE only new piece produced at this theatre since our last month's report, came forward under the unassuming appellation of a "*Divertissement*," and is understood to be from the prolific pen of Mr. Thomas Dibdin; it was entitled "*Orange Boven, or more Good News*." To seriously criticise a local effusion like this would be but waging war against a pigmy. Its name and class will more fully explain its nature, than the most elaborate criticism. The reader will at once anticipate the old medley of puns, politics, dancing Dutchmen, recitative, and Orange ribbons: he will not be disappointed; they are to be found here in profusion. We would, for his gratification, detail the plot which forms the

skeleton of this motley bantling, were there not one very cogent reason against our so doing, i. e. that we could not discover it. We collected somewhat respecting some lawyers and some lovers, and in consequence some intrigue. A Dutchman, of course, although the scene is laid in England, but further "was chaos all." It seemed, however, perfectly to suit the taste of the audience, and loyalty prevailed over taste.

"The poet's eye" was, no doubt, "in a fine frenzy rolling," when he wrote this trifle, for in the progress of it he has *literally* glanced "from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth." In one scene we are introduced to those ordinary personages, the Jack-tars and soldiers of England; in the next to those extraordinary personages, Britannia and the Goddesses of the allied nations. These celestial visitants all very condescendingly join the *Dramatis Personæ*, in singing the national chorus of God Save the King, with which the piece concludes. This rare instance of patriotism and politeness completely sealed its success. As might be expected, to give some *colour* to the claims of this *Bagatelle*, there was a grand display of orange ribbons, streamers, jackets, and gowns: the title too of the Sovereign of the Netherlands was the *fruit* of many indifferent puns; it, however, completely answered its main purpose of heightening the enthusiasm raised by the late extraordinary and glorious successes. We are by no means averse to these *patriotic* appeals to the popular feelings; with all their nonentity and nonsense, they often effect what a better production might attempt in vain. They serve to encourage the depressed, and raise the sanguine; they excite, in the strongest manner, the feelings of loyalty, and the *Amor Patriæ*; and give many a brave soldier and gallant tar to our ships and armies. The managers are much to be commended for having secured the services of Mr. Oscar Byrne and Miss Smith. These *native 'Artistes'* have long been the admiration of the *Italian* boards; the fixing them at an English theatre was, therefore, at once an act of justice and discernment. Miss Smith dances with extraordinary ease and neatness; her evolutions are performed in the most rapid and correct style, while the movements of Mr. Oscar



Byrne are distinguished for their grace ; but Pironette is scarcely to be equalled in brilliance and execution, even by that of the great descendant of the *Dieu de Danse Vestris*. The selected music is pleasing and effective ; we cannot say the same of that which is original.

Dec. 18.—A Mr. Tokely, from the Theatre Royal, Exeter, made his first appearance on these boards, in the character of Robin Rough-head, in the farce of Fortune's Frolic. His appearance was well adapted to the part : his figure is stout and vigorous, and he has all the requisite force and roughness of voice ; he gave great effect to the broadness and extravagance of the character, but in some of its more discriminating and moderate traits he was not so successful. As he does not appear to want confidence or power, we have no doubt but that he may become a favorite here. His appearance was followed by that of a Mr. Lee Lewis from the Glasgow Theatre, son of the late celebrated performer of that name, in the arduous character of Sir Pertinax Macgryphant, in Macklin's comedy of the Man of the World. This character is, in itself, perfectly original, and bearing, in its more prominent parts, very little analogy to any in the whole routine of the Dramatis Personæ, has never had more than two *adequate* representatives, one of whom was its author, and the other the great Cooke. This circumstance will very readily be accounted for, when we consider the numerous, yet rare, qualifications that are required for its due performance.

Mr. Lewes's debut certainly displayed much ability, but he wants many of the absolute requisites for the part ; his figure and appearance are both unsuited to it, he being much too thin and young to convey the character to the mind's eye, as the poet intended it to have been embodied. His voice too is weak, and when, in the delivery of any sentence of passion or sentiment, he attempted to raise it to its highest pitch, it often degenerated into a kind of falsetto, which some might term a squeak. Much disapprobation was expressed during some parts of his performance : in another character he may prove more successful.









JANUARY 1<sup>st</sup> 1814

Want impostors  
are not objects

A bone & a morsel of  
Bread is all I can  
hope from your bountiful  
benevolent Gentlemen

Let me retire from  
Business with a little pension  
& ask no more

Charity for a Wretch with also  
two wives & a small family

Look with an eye of compassion  
on the poorest King of the  
Indies that ever lived

Pray pity a poor distressed  
Emperor, with two Wives &  
one helpless foundling Baby

Take me from this  
Naughty man who  
stole me & is not my  
Papa

BEGGARS.

J. Bruckshank fecit